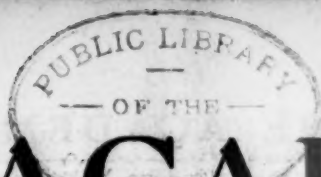


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Notes of the Week

THE discussion in the House of Lords on Monday last on the position of the Territorial Army is in itself a tribute to the usefulness of that House. Amidst the turmoil in the House of Commons, overworked and overloaded as it is, a discussion of so much weight on a subject of critical national importance can hardly be looked for. There is a large section in that House who declare that they are entirely uninterested in every question but one. The unreality which is imparted to debate in such circumstances tends to deter its initiation, whilst the atmosphere of partisanship is unfavourable to a detached critical examination of a national problem. The House of Lords has always been famous for the method in which it has debated and dissected problems of Foreign, Naval and Military moment. The aristocratic temperament is habitually removed from passion, although it is capable of it under stress. We do not of course suggest that the Upper Chamber is free from alloy, but its traditions and its atmosphere inevitably influence the manners and the minds of those who take part in its proceedings. The frank and valuable admissions of Ministers in the debate of Monday last made in a more or less matter-of-fact,

passionless fashion have given the people of this country an insight into the military position clearer than any preceding exposition. It is in a province such as this that an efficient Second Chamber is of extreme value, and any just critic who has followed its proceedings will certainly bear witness to the debt which the nation owes to the unreformed Upper House for the manner in which it has invariably responded to this special function.

The news of the fate of Captain Scott and his little company which has saddened the world this week receives an added poignancy from the fact that the event happened nearly twelve months ago. We are so accustomed to having a record of the world's movements up to date at morning, noon, and night, that a curious sense of distance and unreality creeps over us as we think of the vast, wintry wilderness which has held the secret in its grip for so long a time. Within a few hours' travel of the fuel and food that would have saved them, pinned into their temporary camp by a blizzard that gave them no chance to move, they perished; brave fellows all. On this point enough has been written, but there is another aspect of the tragedy which seems to us peculiarly repellant; we refer to the proceedings of the daily and evening Press—with certain distinguished exceptions—in making capital out of the sorrow of Mrs. Scott and her son. Nothing is too private, no emotion too sacred, for these disreputable methods; by blatant posters and staring headlines they vie with each other to whet the morbid appetite of the inquisitive; and we were very sorry to see that Mr. Stephen Phillips had countenanced the miserable business by allowing a poem of his to appear beneath a picture in one of the halfpenny evening papers. Give the news, but play the game, we say.

Anthologists, however careful they may be, are liable to perilous slips. Thus, a book of considerably over 3,000 pages, giving selections from the verse of three centuries, has just been published in New York, and we find Mr. Belloc represented, not by his resounding lines, "A Bivouac," nor by "The Leader," with its splendid swing as of a marching regiment, but—by "the entertaining verses beginning 'Be kind and tender to the frog'!" Walter de la Mare is ignored; and there are other omissions, which might have been excused in a volume of two or three hundred pages, but are quite unpardonable in a collection of this size. The capable anthologist needs to be a thoroughly philosophical person. Unless he is well assured of his own critical ability, he must calmly take to himself, smiling, the "celestial hail of thwacks" that will be his portion; yet, if he be confident of his own good taste, he will know that his own personality, modestly revealed in the niceties of selection, constitutes no small part of the charm of his book for many readers. He must please himself to please the few; should he try to please all, he is undone, his work is formless, and his fancy flies erratically, with broken wings.

The Exile's Song

NOW I tread the city broadways, and my heart is sore,
For the moor calls, and the wind calls, but I go there no
more.

And I'm fain for the lonely road, and a wild gray sky,
And the screaming note in a curlew's throat as the rain
comes rushing by.

Out beyond the stream of traffic is a stream I love,
And the old hills, the dear hills, and the stars that climb
above;

And it's there my heart is roaming while I stand in the
street,

And I hear the sigh of a dream gone by when the world
was sweet.

My soul is sick of cities, and the crafty strife;
And if gold were all, and greed were all, I have had
enough of life.

But always night and day I hear the moorland music
creep

To the heart that shall be aching till I sleep.

THOMAS MOULT.

The Elixir of Life in Ancient China—I

IT is a far cry from China's recent revolution to those days when certain men of the Celestial Kingdom retired from the world, and, in a mountain hut or in a grove or cave, sought to discover the elixir that would confer immortality, transmute base metals into gold, and banish sickness and pain. A far cry, indeed, from a Republican Government to an age when emperor and peasant alike were enthralled by the marvellous achievements of magicians who made light of the pomp and circumstance of courts, and who claimed to have gazed upon glories more fair and more enduring than the splendour of kings. It is more than probable that alchemy had its original source in Cathay, and from thence came to Arabia. Alchemists all over the world seem to have thought that it was not worth while to be able to make gold at will and in abundance unless at the same time the power of death could be overcome. Wealth, fabulous wealth, and eternity to spend it in, seems to have been the aim of those who laboured in this particular direction.

Some of us are rather inclined to associate alchemy with a certain form of necromancy, which Benvenuto Cellini has so amusingly described in his autobiography. For my part, I not only regard alchemy as the beginning of chemistry and the basis of medicine, but I see in that ardent quest something that is essentially spiritual. It is not all clap-trap, or hocus-pocus, or jargon. There underlies those tinctures and powders and strange herbs, and all the paraphernalia connected with the search, the grace of persistent human effort. Browning has

made Paracelsus an immortal figure, and Dr. Dee, who lived in the spacious days of Good Queen Bess, presents a fascinating study. Who can forget the pathos of Balthazar Claes in Balzac's "The Quest of the Absolute." "Matter etherealised, and given off," he cried to his wife, "the secret, doubtless, of the Absolute! Only think of it! If I should be the first—I the first—if I find it out . . . if I find . . . if I find . . . !" But Balthazar Claes never found the Absolute in this world. He who had analysed human tears died of a broken heart. Only in death did that poor, weary soul discover the secret which God in his infinite wisdom has hidden from human understanding.

The quest for gold made from base metals and the search after human immortality have failed, as far as those earnest seekers were concerned; nevertheless they contributed to science for all their random dreaming. They taught, without knowing it, and indirectly, that there is a greater treasure than gold and a greater joy than preserving the human body from decay.

The religious significance of the search for the elixir of life is nowhere better illustrated than in ancient China, and it is most clearly defined in a later form of Taoism, so widely differing from the teachings of Lao Tzu or his great exponent, Chuang Tzu. Before we learn something about China's elixir and those who were associated with it, it will be necessary to examine briefly some of the religious factors that preceded the quest. The teaching of Confucius, even if we only regard it as a system of morality, without the element of religion, has much to commend it. He it was who introduced a system of ethics that was of immense value to the individual and to the State. No one will deny the wisdom of his Golden Rule, or his wise assertion that there should be unity in human relationships. He laid much stress on filial piety, and, indeed, where loyalty was the keynote of his discourse he certainly did much in setting a good example as far as the requirements of this life were concerned. But he was limited in his outlook. It is good to lead clean lives in this world; excellent, too, to know that the word of a Chinese merchant is as good as his bond; but Confucius had nothing to say about a future life. He was simply an ethical organiser, and gave nothing to satisfy the cravings of the soul. His saying, "Recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness," is very far removed from the teaching of Christ. But the Chinese desire for something more than ethical instruction was satisfied, to a certain extent, by the teaching of Lao Tzu, the founder of Taoism. His teaching, however, was loaded with much abstruseness. It was not for the ignorant man, no matter how lonely he might be, or how much he yearned for some kind of spiritual consolation. Lao Tzu's Tao (Way) was a hard way. It was for those who could read complex riddles, for those who could afford to wait patiently for the dawning light. There was none of the sweet clemency of Isaiah's words in reference to the Way of Holiness: "The wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein."

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

Latter-Day Alchemy

THE modern theories of the unity of matter, forcing us to regard all bodies as different states of condensation of a universal substance, appear to indicate that the old alchemists, in their search for the philosopher's stone, were not quite so far out as was imagined. It is true that some of them have always been mentioned respectfully, and the unquestionable importance of their chemical discoveries and of their philosophic doctrines has been frankly recognised; but nearly all the others have been branded as fools or rogues who traded on the credulity of the ignorant. In many cases, the charge is unjust. Certainly, many, both among alchemists and astrologers, misused their reputation to enrich themselves at the cost of their unwary contemporaries. But numerous also were the cases of those who devoted their whole life to the study of a problem, the solution of which, they sincerely believed, would be a source of happiness and prosperity to the human race.

The Hamburg alchemist, Brand, discovered phosphorus. We owe nitric acid to the Spanish alchemist, Ramon Lull. The porcelain industry in Europe was created by the German alchemist, Boetger, and so vigorously were his services made a bone of contention by Frederick the First of Prussia and Augustus the Second of Saxony, that a war was on the point of breaking out between those two sovereigns. And without speaking of Albert Magnus, Basil Valentin, Van Helmont, Helvetius, Thomas of Aquinas, Arnaldo de Villanueva, and Roger Bacon, do we not owe the discovery of carbonic acid to the great Paracelsus, physician, chemist, philosopher, and professor at Basle University in the first half of the sixteenth century?

These learned men should not be spoken of in the same breath as such impostors as the notorious Count Cagliostro, who was surprised in the act of placing a piece of gold into his magic retort. Others used merely to produce gold nuggets, and were never able to repeat the operation before impartial witnesses, while Dr. Price, a member of the Royal Society, committed suicide the day on which his colleagues demanded that he should repeat his pretended experiments before a committee of experts nominated by the Association.

Modern alchemy has been defined thus by the great inventor, Thomas Alva Edison: "The manufacture of gold is but a question of adequate combinations and treatment of matter. I mean that all matter is equal. The only difference between gold and silver is that their matter is combined in different proportions, and treated in a different manner. Some day, the newspapers may announce the discovery of an element more powerful than radium, capable of converting a cheap metal into a dear one."

In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the defence of the alchemists was undertaken by such great men as Diderot, Cavendish, and Littré; and, in our time, above all, since the discovery of radium, many eminent chemists have unearthed the doctrine of the transmutation of the elements, some resolutely adopting it, and others contenting themselves with merely indicating its possibility.

Lord Salisbury, an excellent chemist, as well as a great statesman, was the first to deal with the problem in the British Association. In the presidential address delivered by him at Oxford a few years before his death, he declared, with eloquence and conviction, that it was impossible to consider the seventy substances known as elements without suspecting the possibility of transforming them, without asking whither they are going, whence they have come, how they have been formed, and what are their mutual relations. Later, in 1905, Sir George Darwin, at the meeting of the British Association held in Capetown, alluded in his presidential address to the properties of radium, establishing analogies between the atoms of this wonderful substance and the sidereal bodies which also disintegrate, deducing considerations highly favourable to the theory of the evolution of the elements.

But the real precursor of modern alchemy as a science was that eminent dramatist and daring scientific investigator about whom so much has been written recently, the Swede August Strindberg, an extraordinary man, who, in his work, "Hyperchimie," published in 1897, put forward a theory according to which all bodies possessing the same atomic weight, whether they be simple or compound, are variations of the same chemical body. Thus iron, with an atomic weight of 56 would be an isomerus of calcium oxide (calcium 40 plus oxygen 16 equal to 56). We know that in our laboratories we can transform diamond into graphite by heating it by means of an electric current between carbon poles, and nobody is ignorant of the fact that Moissan managed to obtain tiny diamonds by dissolving coal in molten iron, and allowing it to crystallise under enormous pressure. Zecchini succeeded in transforming a mass of ordinary fused phosphorus into red amorphous phosphorus by simply adding a minute crystal of iodine, which in that experiment acted as a kind of philosopher's stone.

Strindberg made many experiments to demonstrate, if not the mathematical exactness, at least the probability of his hypothesis, hostile to the dogma of the indivisibility of the atom. But we know now that atoms are not indivisible, being comparable to planetary systems with the ions as suns and the electrons as planets, the number of electrons being always in proportion to the atomic weight. All this goes to confirm, fundamentally, the theory of the great Swedish thinker.

In the work already alluded to, Strindberg writes: "Gold dissolves in aqua regia (nitro-hydrochloric acid), but metallurgists are well aware that if auric chloride is mixed with ether, and allowed to remain for a month, a gold is obtained that is no longer soluble in aqua regia; there are, then, two kinds of gold."

Unquestionably, a synthetic process is constantly taking place in Nature, at the same time as the process of disintegration, for, if it were not so, several of the bodies of a high atomic weight would not exist.

Strutt suggested that lead disintegrates in the mines, some of its atoms transforming themselves into silver, which would explain the constant presence of silver in lead ores. It may be, of course, that a synthetic process

goes on in the bowels of the earth, according to the Law of Strindberg, in this way: 107 plus 99 equal to 206, i.e., silver, plus nipponium, equal to lead (nipponium, 99, being a new metal which was missing in Mendelev's periodic tables, and has been discovered recently by a Japanese chemist).

In numerous scientific reviews, as well as in his most brilliant lectures, Sir William Ramsay, the greatest of the living chemists, has explained the results of his early labours with radium. After having discovered, long ago, the rare gases helium, neon, and argon in the atmosphere, he has succeeded in detecting their presence in the emanations of radium, thus establishing the theory of the disintegration of the elements after these powerful emanations have been launched upon them. In some cases, the disintegration of copper, studied with the spectroscope, showed the presence of calcium, in others that of sodium, sometimes that of lithium; although in the last-mentioned case, Madame Curie, the illustrious discoverer of radium and polonium, proved that the lithium came, most likely, not from the copper, but from the lithia contained in the vessel.

In any case, however, Sir William Ramsay has detected some genuine and undeniable phenomena of transmutation, which allow us to regard as definitely established the general principles of New Alchemy.

F. T. DEL MARMOL.

Postscript.—Since writing the above article, two most remarkable papers have been read at the meeting of the Chemical Society at Burlington House, on February 6. Both the paper of Sir William Ramsay and that of Professor Collie and Mr. Patterson confirm the theory put forward in the foregoing article in such a striking manner as to transfer it altogether from the realms of speculation into those of acknowledged science. The reader should especially note that all three found out, independently of each other, that helium and neon had been produced from gases from which they had previously been absent, and about the latter, the three learned gentlemen declare themselves convinced that the best explanation is this: "Helium (4) plus oxygen (16) equal to neon (20)," which, of course, is the very explanation that August Strindberg, in a moment of prophetic inspiration, had foreseen for all the phenomena of this kind.

Moreover, Sir W. Ramsay has now been quite justified in saying that "the theory of transmutation no longer rests on his *ipsissima verba*."

My Own Poetry

MY book of poems often brings forth, accidentally as it seems to me, the question whether one can attain a success with the language of adoption. I never had, let me tell you to begin with, any thought of success (again no thought of failure) when I began to write in English, and still I haven't to-day; I beg you not to mix my work with such a discussion, because, to give you one reason, I hate to have it classed with so-called literature or poetry. To put my own work aside:

It is interesting, however, to reflect and consider whether we can pay any tribute to the English language when we adopt it for writing. There are beauties and characteristics of any language which cannot be plainly seen by those who are born with them; it is a foreigner's privilege (or is it the virtue of capital-lettered ignorance?) to see them and use them, without a moment's hesitation, to his best advantage, as he conceives it. I have seen examples of it in the work of Western artists in adopting our Japanese traits of art, the traits which turned meaningless for us a long time ago, and whose beauties were lost in time's dust; but what a force and peculiarity of art Utamaro, or Hiroshige, to believe the general supposition, inspired in Monet, Whistler, and others.

It may seem strange to think how the Japanese art of the Ukiyoe school, nearly dead, commonplace at its best, could work such a wonder when it was adopted by the Western hand; but, after all, that is not strange at all. And can we not do the same thing with language? Not only the English language, but any language, is bound to become stale and stupid if it shuts itself up for too long a time; it must sooner or later be rejuvenated and enlivened with some new force. To shake off classicism, or, to put it more abruptly, to forget everything of history or usage, often means to make a fresh start; such a start must be expected to come from one great enough to transcend above it, or from a foreigner. And the latter's ignorance (blessing is that ignorance) in his case becomes a strength and beauty; it is only he who can dare an extraordinary act in language such as no native writer ever dreams, and the result will be no small protest, sometimes a real revelation. That is why even we Japanese can make some contribution to the English language when we use it.

The English poem, as it seems to me, is governed too greatly by old history and too-respectable prosody; just compare it with the English prose which has made such a stride in the recent age, to see and be amazed at its unchanging gait. Perhaps it is my destitution of musical sense (a Western critic declared that Japanese are mostly unmusical) to find myself more often unmoved by the English rhymes and metres; let me confess that, before perceiving the silver sound of a poet like Tennyson or Swinburne, born under the golden clime, my own Japanese mind already revolts and rebels against something in English poems or verses which, for lack of a proper expression, we might call physical or external. As my attention is never held by the harmony of language, I go straightforward to the writer's inner soul to speculate on it, and talk with it; briefly, I am sound-blind or deaf—that is my honest confession. I had no reply to one English lady the other day who wrote me to inquire concerning the underlying rhythm of my poetical work, as I had no thought about it when it was written; my mind always turns, let me dare say, to something else. I used to read the work of English poets in my younger days, but I soon gave up my reading of them when I thought that my literary salvation would only come through my own pain and imagination. As

far as the language is concerned, I need not much of it for my assistance, because my hope is to become a poet without words. While some critic or poet accuses me for being faulty and even unnatural, I am quite content with my work, because although it may not be so-called literature or poetry, it is I myself, good or bad, noble or ignoble, high or low. And let me tell you what I understand by poetry.

We treat poetry, though it may sound too ambitious to the Western mind, from the point of its use or uselessness; it rises, through a mysterious way, to the height of its peculiar worth, where its uselessness turns, lo, to usefulness. When one knows that the things useless are the things most useful under different circumstances (to give one example, a little stone lazy by a stream, which becomes important when you happen to hear its sermon), he will see that the aspect of uselessness in poetry is to be doubly valued, since its usefulness is always born from it, like the day out of the bosom of night. You cannot call it, I trust, merely a Japanese freakishness or vagary, if we appear to you in the matter of poetry to make too much ado about nothing. I dare say we have our own attitude toward poetry. I have no quarrel with one who emphasises the immediate necessity of joining the hands of 'poetry and life'; however, I wish to ask him the question what he means by the word "life." It is my opinion that the larger part is builded upon the unreality by the strength of which the reality becomes intensified: when we sing of the beauty of night, that is to glorify, through the attitude of reverse, in the way of silence, the vigour and wonder of the day. Poetry should be meaningful; but there is no world like that of poetry in which the word "meaning" so often baffles, bewilders, disappoints us.

I often open the pages of *hokku* poems by Basho Matsuo of the seventeenth century and his life of fifty-one years; he gained moral strength from his complete rejection of worldly luxuries. What a difference from the modern poets, who call for better payment! He had one of his poetical students at Kaga, by the name of Hokushi, who sent him the following *hokku* poem when his house was burned down:—

It has burned down :
How serene the flowers in their falling !

The master, Basho, wrote to Hokushi, after speaking the words of condolence, that Kyorai and Joshi (his disciples), too, had been struck with admiration by his poem beginning, "It has burned down"; and he continued: "There was in ancient time a poet who paid his own life as the price of a poem; I do not think that you will take your loss too much to heart when you get such a poem." When Basho said the above, I believe that his admiration for Hokushi was more on account of his attitude toward life's calamity than for the *hokku* poem itself. Hokushi did not study poetry in vain, I should say, when his own mind could keep serene like the falling flowers while seeing his house turn to ashes. That is the real poetry in action. With that action as a background his poem, although it is slight in fact, bursts into a sudden light of dignity.

YONE NOGUCHI.

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Memories of Justin McCarthy

Our Book of Memories. Letters of Justin McCarthy to Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. net.)

A VOLUME of this kind has many advantages over a formal biography. The biographer is rarely capable of rendering full justice to his subject, and his estimate is invariably clouded by a mass of prepossessions, preferences, and prejudices. But a man lives in his letters. They reveal him as he really is, and not as he might possibly wish posterity to regard him. He is taken, as it were, off guard. The little unconsidered trifles of every day, which, after all, bulk so largely in the life of man—debts and disappointments, friendships and enmities—all these things, which the official biographer is disposed to regard as so much waste, afford a truer index to the character of a man or woman than anything in their public life or work.

The picture presented in these pages of the late Justin McCarthy is a pleasing one. Mr. McCarthy was neither a great statesman nor a great writer. But he was a man who deserved well of his generation. His life was devoted to the cultivation of high and lofty aims. However mistaken he may have been as a politician, he never swerved from that ideal of public duty which he resolutely set before him. He never temporised with circumstances. He was never a mere opportunist. A lover of peace, he did not shrink from conflict when the occasion arose. His temperament was scarcely fitted to the rough-and-tumble of political life. He was more at home in his study than in the passion-laden atmosphere of the House of Commons. But he had put his hand to the plough, and it was not in him to evade his responsibilities. He had chosen the difficult path, and he kept it until failure of health forced him to seek that retirement which, it seems, he had coveted for many years.

Nothing illustrates the character of the man better than his conduct over the Parnell tragedy; to many readers the chapter dealing with that tragedy will appear the most interesting in the book. The circumstances are well known. Parnell had emerged triumphantly from the ordeal of a public trial. The Piggott letters in the *Times* had been proved to be forgeries, and their author had terminated a miserable existence by suicide. The star of Nationalism was once more in the ascendant. The Conservatives were in despair. Nothing, it seemed, could stand between Ireland and the realisation of her political hopes. Suddenly a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, appeared upon the horizon. That cloud was soon to assume formidable proportions. Parnell, the "Uncrowned King," was discovered to be an adulterer.

Immediately the situation changed. Gladstone threw over Parnell, and the solidarity of the Irish Party was rudely broken. In that party Parnell had no truer friend

or more loyal follower than Justin McCarthy. But McCarthy felt that above and beyond the duty that he owed to his followers was his duty to Ireland. He was forced to choose between the two, and he chose unhesitatingly. The leadership of the party was pressed upon him, and he accepted it.

That nothing but the sternest sense of duty would have impelled him to such a step is evidenced by the letters that he wrote at this time to Mrs. Campbell Praed. He appears to have cherished, at the outset of the controversy, a desperate hope that all might yet be well. "I shall have to vote against him (Parnell)," he writes—"unless some utterly unknown revelations come about—and do think what it is to me to vote for the dethroning of Parnell, for whom I have had so much public devotion and private friendship! The last words he said to me last night were: 'Well, happen what will, you and I are always friends—God bless you, my dear old friend!'"

It is useless to speculate as to what might have happened had Parnell adopted a less impossible attitude. Many of his best friends urged him to retire into private life for a space, until the storm should have blown over, but he remained proudly, contemptuously obstinate. It was an obstinacy for which he had to pay dearly. He emerged from that trial a discredited politician, a ruined man. The story of Justin McCarthy's leadership of that section of the Irish Party which joined with Gladstone in the repudiation of Parnell, of the subsequent history of that party, and of the ultimate coalescence of the two wings has now passed into history.

But it was not as a politician that Mr. McCarthy revealed his most attractive side. This book is the record of a warm and, indeed, beautiful friendship. Alike as an historian and as a novelist, Mr. McCarthy's name was for many years a household word in this country. In the latter capacity he enjoyed the literary collaboration of Mrs. Campbell Praed, the distinguished Australian writer who has made England her home. To her he confided, in a series of letters—some written in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, others late at night from the office of the *Daily News*, and yet others from various parts of the Continent—his hopes and fears, his struggles and his aspirations, his successes and his defeats; and it is these letters that form the basis of the present volume. They constitute a record of unique interest and importance, for which every reader of the book will be sincerely grateful.

In private life Mr. McCarthy appears to have been one of the most charming of men. He had his moments of gloom—there are occasional references to those "pools of melancholy" into which his perturbed spirit sometimes fell—but, with the volatile temperament of the Celt, he quickly recovered. He was a familiar figure in the social life of the 'eighties and 'nineties. His charm of manner and kindness of disposition endeared him even to those who dissented most violently from his political opinions. Nor were his friendships confined to the men and women of any particular class. Princes and prelates, lawyers and men of letters, artists and

politicians—all figure in these pages, which reflect a microcosm of English social and political life during the later years of the Victorian era. Justin McCarthy's position in the world of letters is not yet assured, and he had already outlived his fame as a statesman, but he will live in these delightful letters to his literary colleague.

A Woman's Wreath

The Poems of Rosamund Marriott Watson. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

THE death of Mrs. Marriott Watson has made a gap in the really remarkable circle of living women poets. Now to her husband falls the mournful, though grateful, task of collecting her "complete works"—her testament to the world. The first thing that impresses one is the bulk of the book thus formed, which is far more considerable than seemed possible. There are nearly three hundred poems here, the fruits of five previous publications, together with what the poet had, just before her death, arranged as her sixth, and a more lengthy effort called "The Story of Marpessa," now reproduced for the first time in book form. The whole represents the work of one who had a genuine poetic gift and an unvarying charm of expression. Indeed, one is struck by the remarkably consistent quality in a volume of verse of such proportions. Always the workmanship is careful and finished; there is nothing slipshod, no halting rhythm or vapid conventionality.

But, more than that, the spirit is true. These poems have sprung from the authentic fount of song, and they bear the hall-mark of the poet's ecstasy. There are no ambitious flights, no essays in the grand stylé. Mrs. Marriott Watson belonged to the fair company of poets minor, in the best sense of the phrase, and sang the wistful, desirous songs of the lower slopes. There are the graceful aptitudes of ballade and villanelle and triolet, and many examples of very sincere lyrical emotion. Her vision was of the "beauty that must fade," and seeing in part she prophesied in part. The impression the volume leaves is of a heart hungry for beauty, clinging passionately to all it could capture, sore for the penalties this beauty exacted and fretted still with unsatisfied craving. It is a soul imprisoned in too narrow a palace of art, moving restlessly, lingeringly from one detail of loveliness to another, straining for window-glimpses, and returning, and sighing heavily for her captivity.

By this we do not mean that Mrs. Marriott Watson sang of beauty withdrawn from life; the very opposite is the case. But life itself was a world too straitened, lit with beauties too fleeting that left pain in the track of their flight, and yet that sustained the spell in spite of the pain. The recurrence of certain phrases and images is notable—the golden moon, the effect of lamplight on wet linden leaves, the crooked bough of an apple tree, the wavering flight of sea gulls. The poems confess a lavish colour—always and repeatedly not the ethereal tints and shades of a far diaphanous air, but the rich,

material colour of ivory, of amethyst, of amber, of opal, of gold. Even the titles have a curious reduplication: "Aubade," "Neiges D'Antan," "D'Outremer," "Märchen," "Ultima Thule," "Hesternæ Rosæ," occur twice and even three times; all of them, it will be observed, wistful and symbolic phrases but of intrinsic loveliness.

At the same time there is indubitable individuality, and something quite distinct from mere self-echoing. How well she observed and interpreted her grievous world of beauty is shown in such happy lines as these:—

Green wrinkled cress and rosy radish node,
The unsunned strawberry's dimly coral cone,
The chill, sweet ripple of a robin singing. . . .

and this vivid picture of a flight of swallows:—

Their tiny crossbows sharp against the blue.

There is a striking imaginative power and originality of conception, too, behind some of these poems, as for instance "The Quick and the Dead," "The Prodigal Son," and "The Moor Girl's Well." The fancy revealed in all these is touched with a sombre tone, and it declares itself in startling fashion in such pieces as "Our Lady's Penitent," and the "Ballad of the Were-Wolf." It should be said that among the many good things in this volume are some singularly successful Scottish ballads. Lastly, there are some little lyrics of London that should live; in more placid vein a treasurable translation from the French on the pleasant theme "Old Books, Fresh Flowers," and a delightful sonnet "To My Cat," of which we should like to quote at least the sestet:—

Sphinx of my quiet hearth! who deign'st to dwell
Friend of my toil, companion of mine ease,
Thine is the lore of Ra and Rameses;
That men forget dost thou remember well,
Beholden still in blinking reveries
With sombre, sea-green gaze inscrutable.

We are grateful to Mr. Marriott Watson for giving us this collected edition of his wife's work; grateful, too, that she sang us her song. She has added a laurel not unworthy to the specific wreath that belongs to the women poets of the English tongue.

The Dual Monarchy

Austria: Her People and Her Homelands. By JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S. Illustrated in colour by DONALD MAXWELL. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

MR. JAMES BAKER points out in his preface that, though several English books have appeared dealing with Bohemia, Tyrol, and the Danube, there is an unaccountable dearth of works in our own tongue describing the Austrian Empire as a whole. In the volume before us, however, he has gone far to make amends for a surprising and regrettable neglect of so varied a field of study. It is of necessity a rapid survey, but Mr. Baker has carried out his work with so much skill and enthusiasm, and has been so fortunate in securing the

exquisite illustrations of Mr. Donald Maxwell that the volume cannot fail to awaken considerable interest in a country that is so full of historic and legendary lore, so richly endowed with the supreme triumphs of Nature. This work is no crude guide-book packed with a catalogue of bewildering names; nor is it an exhaustive and exhausting volume, exclusive in its appeal. In these brightly written pages Mr. Baker gives, as a result of his intimate knowledge of the country, a sketch of peasant life, the intellectual pursuits and amusements of the people, with "cameos of the history in various provinces, as illustrative of the building up of the Empire." Cities, towns, villages, customs, and old legends are described with remarkable freshness, and always with a view to the picturesque, for two artists, and not one, contribute to the charm and entertainment of this book. The glamour of the past unites with the educational progress of the present, and, without the pen of a Ruskin, Mr. Baker has done much to bring to his readers something of the beauty and grandeur of Austria's superb scenery.

At the very beginning of the volume Mr. Baker appeals to the romantic reader by coupling the Danube with the "Niebelungen Lied" and "Undine," and suggesting the heroic incidents in mediæval and modern times associated with that great river, for, to the author, at any rate, the Danube is far more attractive than the much-praised Rhine. We are told—as we might be told in a fascinating fairy-story—of "emerald and turquoise that lie amidst the mountains of Ischl and St. Wolfgang." We are shown mediæval walled towns and modern cities devoid of slums. We are told of weird and horrible tales associated with the castles, abbeys, and monasteries "that cluster so thickly on the hills and river banks, and yield so much to the lover of architecture, history, or folklore."

After reading a glowing account of the beauties of Edmunds Klam, we come across a description of a Hunger tower connected with the castle of Burgstein. In ancient times, at any rate, the noble glories of Nature do not seem to have counteracted the savage instincts of mankind, for in this Hunger tower "were found relics of humanity, and inscriptions carved on the walls, and drawings of loaves of bread, the chalice, the Hussite's sign; roses, death's-heads and crosses, a woman with a child, and a line of strokes, perhaps the tally of days of some poor, starving wretch, maimed but not killed when thrown down."

Mr. Baker tells us that, when riding up to another of these formidable castles, he was greeted with: "Keep far from the castle, keep away from the castle, that you avoid danger of death." The author adds: "It was the cry of the Middle Ages re-echoing in the twentieth century." The survival of the past goes further back than mediæval times. Mr. Baker writes:—

A picturesque and curious sight is to be seen on Walpurgis night, the last day of April, when witches' fires must be burnt and a great noise made; for the witches are defeated on this night, and cattle and

homestead are safe for the year from their attacks. No weirder sight is possible than to see on the Bohemian hills, as I once saw on the hills around this castle, these witch-fires gleaming on every height, burning besoms dipped in pitch being hurled flaming through the air, and the whole night filled with loud cries and shouts, and loud noises of all descriptions, to frighten the witches; for the next village may endow you with their witches, unless you make more noise. So may we live again in prehistoric times in this Central Europe.

On one occasion three magistrates came to Henry of Resenberg to advance a claim against him. The angry Henry, who was lawless rather than law-abiding, made these poor men eat their words in a very literal sense, for they were compelled to consume the documents they brought with them, seals and all! One would have thought that a meal of parchment, ink, and wax would have been sufficient punishment; but when the magistrates departed, free men as they fondly imagined, they were appalled to find the wicked Henry's dogs in hot pursuit.

In a chapter devoted to the charm of Moravia, the author gives a thrilling story associated with the Machocha (stepmother) avalanche. A miner, having lost his wife, married a pretty maiden in order that she might be a mother to his little son, and in due time this maiden gave birth to a boy. Her child did not thrive, and she grew jealous of her strong and promising stepson. While seeking a weed she had been advised to find by an old woman well versed in charms, she met a charcoal burner who told her that the stronger and healthier grew the stepson, the weaker would become her own child. The woman called the stepson to her, and having taken him to a mighty precipice, bade him pluck a herb that grew under the edge of the cliff. While attempting to do so, his stepmother pushed him into the abyss. When she reached home, it was to discover that her own son was dead. The stepson, however, had been providentially caught in the branches of a tree, and while some charcoal burners were rescuing the little fellow, his stepmother stood on the summit above, and with a fearful shriek sprang over the cliff with her dead child in her arms.

The chapters devoted to the Danube, from the Bavarian frontier to Linz, from Linz to Vienna, through Wachau to Krems, and from Krems to the Austrian frontier, are of particular interest, and the volume concludes with a description of Tyrol, Innsbruck, and the Arlberg. Mr. Baker writes: "With such a vast outlook over such an Empire, so full of varied and intense interest, where the people of many races, speaking varied tongues, are all pressing forward in national and industrial life, how in one volume give such an impression of the whole as to induce the reader to go to Austria, and there study and enjoy the glories and beauty of her Empire? But such is the aim of both artist and writer in this volume, and may that object be successfully attained." We think it will.

The Rehabilitation of Boswell

Boswell the Biographer. By GEORGE MALLORY. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

BOSWELL has so often been the victim of hasty judgments that it is good to find someone who is willing to make a thorough and sympathetic study of his character. Macaulay, of course, is responsible for much of the detraction from which Boswell has suffered. It is not difficult to make out a strong case for Macaulay's point of view from the accumulated instances of Boswell's folly; but it is an almost greater folly than his to imagine that such a treatment accurately presents the greatest biographer in our language. Forster, in his *Life of Goldsmith*, has the following passage, which gives the two aspects of Boswell's character in concise form:—

Within this wine-bibbing tavern babbler, this meddling, conceited, inquisitive, loquacious lion-hunter, this bloated and vain young Scot, lie qualities of reverence, real insight, quick observation, and marvellous memory, which, strangely assorted as they are with those other meaner habits, and parasitical, self-complacent absurdities, will one day connect his name eternally with the men of genius of his time.

Scarcely one of these derogatory adjectives can be spared in the delineation of Boswell's character; and Mr. Mallory has not tried to escape from any of the unpleasant features of his subject's disposition; but he has succeeded, by careful examination of the evidence, in giving due weight to his qualities of reverence and insight. Boswell's snobbishness, tactlessness, vanity, egoism, his drunkenness and sensual tendencies are all here; Mr. Mallory is anxious to show that it was in spite of these things that Boswell wrote his incomparable work.

This painstaking volume is, to quote the Preface, "less than a biography and more than an essay"—which rather jeopardises its good fortune in the book market, for the public loves the unmistakable, and prefers "one thing or the other." For those who are still interested in Johnson and his biographer the book is, however, of first-rate importance. Its whole purpose is briefly put at the outset: "Boswell was indeed a fool, as is easy enough to show; but he was not, as was long supposed, a stupid fool." Mr. Mallory has managed to eliminate the stupidity pretty successfully. The psychology of genius is always a fascinating study; and the author has pursued somewhat the methods of the psychologist in dealing with the many extracts he has made from Boswell's writings as indications of his character. Thus he succeeds in convincing us of Boswell's generosity and *bon cœur*. We have, too, additional evidence, if that were needed, of his imperturbable temper and his truthfulness of character.

Not less valuable than this vindication of Boswell's good qualities is the study of his biographical methods. We are grateful for the parallels Mr. Mallory has drawn from the "Boswelliana" and from the "Life." These show that Boswell "retouched" Johnson's conversations,

not with any intention of lessening their truthfulness, but to give them greater strength and point. We see Boswell with his strained attention to the great man's talk, and mark the notebook produced occasionally, in defiance of all convention, even at social gatherings. For a summing up of the salient qualities of his work the verdict of Mr. Mallory could hardly be improved upon:—

Truth for him [Boswell] was concerned entirely with an external view of people. He was rarely analytical; he did not care for subtle states of mind and the feelings that composed them; he looked directly at actions and their primary motives. The vision was so clear and strong that Boswell by its very insistence was obliged to create an imperishable image.

Mr. Mallory has done a necessary work in a very able and creditable manner.

The Jesuit Fathers in Paraguay

In Jesuit Land: The Jesuit Missions of Paraguay. By W. H. KOEBEL. With an Introduction by R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

WE have learnt to expect from the pen of this well-known traveller, who needs no introduction to readers of THE ACADEMY, graphic descriptions of scenery and close observation of human character written in a style that is fresh, buoyant, and sometimes racy. He has written much about South America, especially Argentina; but in his description of the Jesuit missions of Paraguay he takes us to "a land of romance . . . the history of which is flecked darkly with pathos and tragedy—a country where man's endeavour, materialised in one of the stateliest organisations ever conceived in the history of the world, has been brought to naught." Mr. Koebel is without religious bias. He has no axe to grind, no missionary propaganda to foist upon his readers. "Let us suppose," he writes, "that the character of the great Jesuit Republic lay at a point midway between the poles of blessings and curses." There is a vein of flippancy that is not confined to the early chapters, but travels along with the author to the end of the book—not a fault, but a merit, for Mr. Koebel's sense of humour lights up a scene that would be too sombre, too tragic without it.

In the days of the Jesuit Fathers, Apostoles had its buildings, churches, and plazas. After the first vespers were performed, the children danced in the great square. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament was, according to an old chronicler, "a sight which yields in nothing to the richest and most magnificent procession in any other part of the world." We are told—and it reads like a traveller's tale in the days when travellers were noted rather for their imagination than their veracity—that over the triumphal arches of flowers and greens appeared birds of every colour, "tied by the legs to strings of such length that a stranger would imagine

they enjoyed their full liberty, and even came of their own accord to mix their warblings with the voices of the musicians and the rest of the people." The streets were hung with carpets. There were "garlands, festoons, and compartments of verdure," and with a view to impressing upon the Indians that religion could be dramatic, as well as scenic, there were "lions and tigers well chained, that they may not disturb the solemnity instead of adorning it." With great enthusiasm and not a little pride the chronicler continues: "The warbling of the birds, the roaring of the lions and tigers, the voices of the musicians, the plain chant of the choir, all intermix without confusion, and conspire to form a concert not to be equalled in any other part of the world."

Apostoles was only one of the many centres of Jesuit labour. In other towns "work and play, prayer and pomp, chanting and feasting were carried on in precisely similar fashion." Apostoles, once resounding with the playful roar of lions and tigers and the warblings of the most good-natured birds imaginable, is now nothing but a wooded expanse, "the great walls and blocks of masonry looming here and there in furtive solidity amidst the tangle of branches and leaves."

Mr. Koebel describes three riders—a man, a woman, and a boy—slowly advancing from a woodland tunnel. All are arrayed in finery, but the man and boy pale into insignificance compared with the woman in her yellow and red garments, who holds in her hand a blue-and-white flag. In a reed hut there lies the body of a dead child, and the man and woman are its parents. They ride forth rejoicing to know that the little one is already an *angelito*—a little angel. But in order to celebrate their joy there must be a feast, and a feast cannot be prepared without money or without offerings of meat and drink. They will travel from hut to hut with the good news, "give out invitations to the revels, and will await the contribution that is certain not to fail them." Mr. Koebel thus concludes the scene: "The ensign of the *angelito* is in the hands of the mother of the dead. It is possible that her whole heart may be given to the upholding of the gaudy thing. On the other hand, it may be with the little body in the reed hut. But, if so, she would never tell."

No one can read this account of the Jesuit Fathers in Paraguay without being moved to express admiration for the self-sacrifice they displayed. We may not approve of their methods; but, if we are free from prejudice, we cannot fail to recognise that they lifted up the Guaraní Indian from a state of drunkenness and bestiality, and made a man of him. Only the almost superhuman patience of the Jesuits could have accomplished the task. They were supreme organisers. They gave to the uttermost; they toiled without ceasing, and they combined the building of towns with the saving of souls. It may be that these good Fathers relied a little too much on scenic effect, and, sometimes without justification, associated the Indian's awe with the beginning of reverence for the Divine. Over and over again these dusky fellows resumed their evil practices; over and

over again the savage triumphed over the spiritual. But the Fathers never relaxed their efforts, never lost hope, and, let it be said to their credit, they triumphed in the end. Father Ortega is especially worthy of notice, for it was he who, during a great storm, swam across the turbulent waters and baptised the dying men. "In a short while they dropped one by one, lifeless, into the flood. Perhaps never was the ceremony performed in the midst of more terrifying surroundings."

As long as the success of the Jesuit Fathers kept within reasonable bounds, they were allowed to carry on their work. But it transpired, as in other countries, that these good men became a power in the land—a power that awakened envy and mistrust. "In Spain itself, the enemies of the Order had sought to bring about its downfall by suggesting that the power of the Jesuits, if allowed free play, might become greater than that of the Throne itself, and the King might become a mere puppet in the hands of an organisation which, working under religious semblance, sought to further secular ends." The Jesuits, however, had no desire to grasp the power that belonged to the Spanish Throne. Their motives were transparently honest, and these loyal souls had no thought but for the conversion and civilisation of the Indians. When Bucareli received the order for the expulsion of the Jesuits, he set about his task with the utmost caution. He anticipated very obstinate resistance. There was none. The Jesuits might have called upon the thousands of converts to come to their aid; they might have bade the army strike a blow for their religious rights. But they yielded without a struggle, and in so doing refuted the distorted stories that had circulated in Spain. It was a tragedy, indeed, after so much fruitful labour. The pathos of it all lies in the fact that not only the Jesuit towns fell into ruin, but that the converts fell back into their evil manner of living. It is easy to say that their religion must have been of a very superficial kind, that the sheep only behaved themselves when the shepherd was there to guide them. If there is any truth in this assertion, it only intensifies the tragedy, only reveals more clearly the miracle of the Jesuits' beneficent rule and the folly of taking the shepherd away from his dusky flock.

Lotus Leaves

Myths and Legends of Japan. By F. HADLAND DAVIS.
Illustrated. (George G. Harrap and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE Anglo-Japanese Alliance has brought Japan a little nearer to us during the last few years. But even to-day, so far as the average European—and more especially the average Englishman—is concerned, the Jap is still an unknown quantity.

We welcome, therefore, all the more readily such a book as this. No more competent authority than Mr. Hadland Davis could have addressed himself to the task of interpreting to English readers the soul of Japan. Scholar and antiquarian, something, too, of a poet, he

is primarily a teller of stories, and it is the method of the story-teller that he has adopted in these pages.

It is a strange world that he reveals—a world that is curiously at variance with that in which the ordinary Western lives and moves and has his being. Yet from it the people of the West may learn somewhat, if they be so minded.

And whoso will, from pride released,
Contemning neither creed nor priest,
May feel the soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura.

One is impressed primarily with the simplicity of these people. It was, we believe, De Quincey's brother who said that the arguments against the supernatural didn't hold south of the Equator, and the same remark might be applied to Japan. The region of Japanese myth and legend is a veritable wonder-land. Foxes assume the form of beautiful women. The spirit of the snow, disguised as a lady of surpassing beauty, blasts with her icy breath those who have sought to shelter her. The grotesque and the beautiful mingle in a strange medley. Fairies and hobgoblins, divinities and dragons inhabit this wondrous region. The celestial serenity of the Buddha is contrasted with the fierce ferocity of the monster, who is suddenly transformed into the eight petals of the Golden Lotus.

All students of Japanese art will be familiar with the lofty mountain of Fuji-Yama. Hokusai went on painting it till he died. But how came it with its strange name? Mr. Hadland Davis tells the story. The Lady Kayuya dwelt in the regions of the moon. But she had displeased the moonfolk, who sentenced her to a term of exile upon the earth, where she lived for many years as the daughter of a bamboo-cutter. Her unearthly beauty ravished the hearts of men, and even the Mikado fell a victim to her charms. But the time came when the moonfolk summoned her back to her celestial home, and, with a heart full of sorrow, she wrote upon a scroll a message of farewell to her Imperial lover, bequeathing him, too, the Elixir of Life. Then, entering a canopied car, she disappeared from sight among the clouds.

The sorrow of the bamboo-cutter and of the Mikado knew no bounds. The latter held a Grand Council, and inquired which was the highest mountain in the land. One of the councillors answered: "In Suruga stands a mountain, not remote from the capital, that towers highest towards heaven among all the mountains of the land." Whereupon his Majesty composed the following verse:—

Never more to see her!
Tears of grief overwhelm me,
And as for me,
With the Elixir of Life
What have I to do?"

Then the scroll, which the Lady Kayuya had written, together with the Elixir, was given to Tsuki no Iwakasa. These he was commanded to take to the summit of the highest mountain in Suruga, and, standing upon the highest peak, to burn the scroll and the Elixir of Life.

So Tsuki no Iwakasa heard humbly the Royal command, and took with him a company of warriors, and climbed the mountain and did as he was bidden. And it was from that time forth that the name of Fuji (Fuji-yama, 'never dying') was given to yonder mountain, and men say that the smoke of that burning still curls from its high peak to mingle with the clouds of heaven.

A fondness for children, and for all small, unprotected things, is characteristic of the Japanese. The most attractive divinity in the whole Japanese theogony is Jizo, the children's god. "To the Japanese woman who has laid her little one in the cemetery, all rivers wind their silver courses into the place where the ever-waiting and ever-gentle Jizo is. That is why mothers who have lost their children in death write prayers on little slips of paper, and watch them float down the rivers on their way to the great spiritual Father and Mother who will answer all their petitions with a loving smile."

It is impossible within the limits of a review to do more than touch the fringe of an almost illimitable subject. There are chapters in this book on the legends of bells and trees and flowers, of foxes, and of fans. A supplementary chapter contains an admirable analysis of Japanese poetry, while a genealogical list of the gods of Japan will be found of considerable interest to the student. The book is written with great charm of manner and distinction of style, and is an important contribution to a fascinating subject. One ought not, either, to forget Mr. Evelyn Paul's excellent illustrations.

A Lion-Hearted Officer

The Life of Sir David Baird. By Captain W. H. WILKIN. With portrait and maps. (George Allen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE lives of distinguished officers often afford warnings as well as examples for imitation. To achieve success in a military career, the qualities of courage, energy, dash, perseverance, are essential: they, and others, must be postulated; but the heart will not suffice unless regulated by the head. Perfection and success can be attained only by their combination; and, even then, opportunities and what is called luck contribute to results. Sir David Baird is a case in point. He was not, Captain Wilkin admits, a heaven-born genius, and he was surpassed by other Generals; but his capacity was undoubted as a first-rate fighting man and an admirable regimental officer. To wealth or family influence he owed nothing. His eighteen years' excellent service with regiments brought him to the front; he was not pushed on from one staff appointment to another. The Duke of Wellington—with whom, as Arthur Wellesley, Baird was several times in competition in earlier days—hit the point when he described Baird as a gallant, hard-headed, lion-hearted officer, "but he had no talent, no tact." Silence would, on occasions, have served him better than impulsive action.

Born in 1757, the year of Plassey, and entering the service at fifteen, he reached Madras early in 1780, and within a few months was taken prisoner by Hyder Ali of Mysore, on the occasion of Baillie's disastrous defeat at Perambakam. He was a captive at Seringapatam from October, 1780, to March, 1784, much of the time in irons. Curiously enough, the author has omitted the well-known story of Baird. When his mother, who knew her son's violent temper, heard of his imprisonment, she remarked that "she pitied the man who was chained to our Davie." While at home on leave, he was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel, but by some delay he lost a little seniority, which subsequently prevented his having the command of one army in Egypt and another in Spain. Baird's name is always connected with Seringapatam, where he had been so long in captivity. He commanded a brigade when Cornwallis took that town in 1792, and, as Major-General, he led the storming party when Seringapatam was finally besieged and taken on May 4, 1799. It was a severe trial to him when Arthur Wellesley, his junior, was appointed to the command of the Nizam's detachment, and, after the capture of Seringapatam, was chosen to be its Governor. But Baird had previously fallen out with the civil authorities in the Madras Presidency. His remonstrance against his supersession, submitted to General Harris, the Commander-in-Chief, did him no good, and he had to apologise.

Selected to command the Indian expedition to Egypt in 1801, Baird next had Lord Arthur Wellesley for his second in command. The latter in his turn felt aggrieved, but was prevented by ill-health from accompanying the force. Baird's Indian army, after all their hardships in the desert, left Egypt without encountering the French. Again placed under Arthur Wellesley for the Mahratta War of 1803, Baird resigned and returned to England, where he was knighted. In 1805 he was sent to the Cape to capture it from the Dutch under General Janssens. Unfortunately for himself, Baird detached some of his troops to assist Sir Home Popham's wild expedition to Rio de la Plata, for which he was recalled. But he was soon re-employed against the Danes at Copenhagen. In 1808 he commanded a force in the North-West of Spain, under Sir John Moore. A large portion of this book contains an account of Baird's movements and of his correspondence with Moore, leading up to the historical and disorderly retreat of both their forces upon Corunna, in order to escape from the vastly superior force of the French under Napoleon. Captain Wilkin has quoted many of the official letters, and summarised the history so well that, with the help of the clear maps, the courses taken by the forces, and the Battle of Corunna on January 16, 1809, when Sir John Moore was killed and Sir David Baird lost an arm, can easily be followed. Baird subsequently held the chief command in Ireland. He applied for the Governorship of Cape Colony, and twice asked for a peerage, without success in every case. Perhaps he would have been wiser to have abstained from such applications. His

great military qualifications were highly estimated, but the author does not deny that Baird had the defects of his qualities. He was emphatically a man of action; he wanted occasionally discretion and self-restraint. "Not Baird, but Bayard" was happily said of him. Military officers will appreciate this record of a gallant officer and deduce the lessons of his life, which Captain Wilkin has summed up with judgment, clearness, and brevity.

Shorter Reviews

A Holiday Trip to Canada. By MARY J. SANSOM. (The St. Catherine Press. 2s. net.)

Down the Mackenzie and Up the Yukon in 1906. By E. STEWART. Illustrated. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

A TRIP to and from Canada in three weeks does not give much time for obtaining more than a fleeting acquaintance with the new country, but the voyage and the limited inland travel, principally consisting of a visit to Niagara, is well and modestly told.

The development of Canada has proceeded very rapidly since the author, a superintendent of forestry, of "Down the Mackenzie and Up the Yukon" made his journey in 1906 on behalf of his government. What the journey implied may be summarised by saying that he covered a distance of over 4,000 miles, starting from Edmonton, Alberta, and going to the Arctic Circle post or village of Fort McPherson, and then striking off to the westward, reaching Vancouver by way of the Yukon River.

His notes on the soil, the minerals, and timber are all very valuable, in view of the future development of the country as part of Canada. They show that millions of acres are still awaiting colonisation, particularly by Norwegian, Swedish, and Russian emigrants who are accustomed to the conditions of life which must prevail in this new country. Much good can be and is being done by the Government being able to send colonists where their labour will not be wasted, but will be productive of good, not only to themselves, but their adopted country at large.

Mr. Stewart speaks very well of the labours of the pioneers of religion in this vast and comparatively unexplored country, and makes no class difference between the work of the Church and that of the Roman Catholics, the members of both religious bodies having toiled at no small sacrifice in this field. He speaks particularly of the good results among the half-breeds and Indians proper.

The book is illustrated by many excellent photographs taken by the author, and has also a Government map. In conclusion Mr. Stewart pleads for a central hospital in which major surgical cases could be treated to avoid the loss of many and useful lives—lives of peculiar value to their families as well as to the country, in view of the scarce population. The distances and area of the country travelled can perhaps hardly be grasped by ourselves with our limited outlook.

Ski-Runs in the High Alps. By F. F. ROGET, S.A.C. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN 1905 the writer bought his little daughter of seven years old a pair of ski, and at the same time, although nearer fifty than forty, also bought himself a pair, and was born again into a ski-runner. This book—a valuable contribution, especially at this time of the year, to the literature on the subject—is the outcome, and will be very useful to the increasing number of persons who are devoting themselves to this fascinating pastime. It is written for the more adventurous sportsmen who have mastered the footwork and wish to know where they can enjoy themselves in comparative safety and yet on untrodden paths.

The author made several expeditions over new ground, some of them in the company of Mr. Arnold Lunn, of whom he speaks very highly. The various new routes which they explored are shown on reproductions of the very excellent Swiss Topographic Service maps, and include the Diablerets, from the Col du Pallon to the Gemmi Pass; the Bernese Oberland from end to end; across the Pennine Alps; the Piz Bernina Ski Circuit in one day, and from Arosa to Bellinzona over the Bernardino Pass.

Chapters on glaciers, avalanches, military ski-ing, and the mechanics of ski-bindings, with rudiments of winter mountaineering for ski-runners, conclude a most interesting book. We are relieved to learn that the proper pronunciation of the name of this sport is s-k-ee, both singular and plural, and that the soft ch instead of k is only a mode affected by cultured Germans.

Fiction

Harry the Cockney. By EDWIN PUGH. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

THE chief difference between this book and the autobiographical studies that Wells has given us lies in the class that it depicts. Harry, the barber's son, passes through Board-school and Sunday-school experiences in Marylebone, a small-souled, mean little Cockney boy, into the world of clerkdom, "quiffs," cigarettes, and indulges in innocent yet unutterably sordid flirtations. But there is in him the glimmering of a soul, and at Margate, on a fortnight's holiday, "Rocky"—a fine type of the middle class—wakens that soul to sight of other worlds and aspirations. At this point Harry the Cockney ceases to be, and a process of evolution, such as Wells would have delighted in, is very hazily sketched for us here. Harry emerges at its latter end as M.P. and a "possible member of the next Liberal Cabinet." Yet, having turned his back on his own kind, he feels intensely lonely and poor in the things that matter.

"If you are good," said the Sunday-school teacher to Harry, "you will grow up and prosper," and from this the boy learned outward decorum, though at heart he remained the same. Later, when school was left behind,

he encountered one Popple, who "carried a wanghee cane, and wore a buttonhole, and smoked cigarettes. In his spare time he lived a dark, mysterious life." And he called women "tasty bits of goods." Here was insight to a new department of life for Harry, and bibulous Uncle Algernon, humanly paradoxical in his qualities and a fascinating character in every way, presents yet other views. Finally "Rocky" wakens desire for entry to the world to which Harry does not belong, and in which—though he does not know it—he can never be other than an outsider.

"Life," Harry moralises, "would be all very well, and we should most of us be happy enough, if it were not for . . . growth." And "We are all putting up with the present for the sake of the future in the intervals of regretting the past." So he states, and leaves us to find the moral. This, by the way, is his author's chief characteristic—statement, not doctrine. It may seem far-fetched to compare this study of a Cockney boy with Fitzgerald's Omar, but the similarity exists, nevertheless, in this statement of realities and a certain lack of perception of the fact that there are other things in addition to the concrete substances which make up everyday life.

This, however, is a matter of the point from which the author views his problem, and with such a book as this before us we would not quarrel with Mr. Pugh for giving us a materialistic gospel through the medium of a Cockney boy, but rather would render tribute to the art which shows us that the Cockney boy could not be other than utterly unpoetical. For in this book is very fine art indeed; fine characterisation, subtle, biting humour, and the indefinable quality by which even commonplaces are made interesting, render "Harry the Cockney" a notable study, and a welcome contribution to present-day literature.

Promise of Arden. By ERIC PARKER. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

WHEN Mr. Markwick undertook the moral—as opposed to the legal—guardianship of the orphaned family of Professor Sargesson, with little or no knowledge of the extent and nature of that family, he committed an indiscretion which reveals him for what he was, a rather unpractical man not yet out of his twenties. The venture, however, was eminently successful, and every member of the Sargesson family proves thoroughly companionable and delightful. Then there is Dacia, wayward and charming, who enacts the part of the traditional red herring across the track for our mystification—we wonder how Markwick could have remained blind to Peggy Sargesson's great woman soul in a child's form, in such intervals as are allowed us between the vagaries of two boys, pictured with rare skill and intimate knowledge of the curious workings of a boy's mind. Adult sketches in the course of the story are equally well done; the rector's wife, and the poor little henpecked rector are both perfect in their ways.

All this comment, of course, is of little or no descriptive value to one who has not read the story, nor do we

intend that it should do more than rouse curiosity in the contents of the book. For here an exceptionally keen and kindly student of humanity has given us a set of types, every one of more than passing interest: Peggy and Mrs. Band, to take the book's two extremes, will live in the reader's mind long after the volume has been laid aside. It is a work of rare fragrance and charm, a book to be read with pleasure and closed with regret, and we wish the author the large public that such exceptional writing deserves.

Seaford's Snake. By BERTRAM MITFORD. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

MR. MITFORD has a way of telling a capital adventure story, and he fully maintains his reputation in this tale of Seaford and three others—to say nothing of the snake and the Zulu witch-doctor. The protagonists are Seaford himself, his wife, discontented with life in Savage South Africa, one Torrance, and the other woman whom we realise as necessary to the desired and for once not the banal happy ending. Given the discontented wife, and Torrance also discontented, and—well, there you are, as Mr. Mitford says.

We seem to see, on the part of the author, a little distortion of character in both the men, in order to reach the desired solution of the plot, but the incident in which the book abounds is fresh and exciting enough to atone for that imperfection. Mr. Mitford very wisely does not rely on the delineation of character for his effect—perhaps he realises that it is not his strong point. The old witch-doctor is made doubly effective by being kept in half-light all the time; the mistake of revealing the strings that work the figure is not made, and, although Fumanisani is credited with powers as great and mysterious as those of the best—or worst—wizard that ever came out of the dim east, the thing is done by a series of skilful implications; consequently, we do not resent it.

To one who knows Zululand and northern Natal, the atmosphere of the book will appear rather a weak point; there is a slightly forced effect in the frequent introduction of Zulu phrases with English translations at the foot of the page, as if by this means the author sought to impress us with his knowledge of the country. This, however, is a minor point, and, on the whole, "Seaford's Snake" is a very good story indeed.

The Theatre

"Trust the People" at the Garrick Theatre

FINE, straightforward, and simple works as "Hindle Wakes" and "The Younger Generation" did not altogether prepare us for the sly sophistication of Mr. Stanley Houghton's latest play. But the way was to some extent suggested by the author's "Pearls,"

recently cast before a not too responsive world. After having pleased himself—and us—in his early plays, it would seem that Mr. Houghton had set out to delight the wider world of the great public of the theatre. In "Trust the People" he gives us the same lucid characterisation, the same deeply human emotions as of old, but he adds to these excellent things a few tricks of the stage, clever enough and likely to be immensely popular, but not quite worthy of his already high accomplishment. In the first act we are led to suppose that the sometimes important question as to how far a private failing of a valued politician should affect his public life will be settled once for all. But the reply is not given us; the issue is avoided by a trick, and the vital point at issue remains in the category of the intangible problems of life as it is lived among us.

The action of "Trust the People" takes place some years hence. John Greenwood, junior, is the President of the Board of Labour—he is made splendidly true to life and convincing by Mr. Bouchier—whose position in the affairs of the nation is threatened by the fact that an intrigue which he had once indulged with Mrs. Felton (Miss Marjorie Waterlow) is being made public. This affair was of some time ago, and at the period of its being generally known he is engaged to the beautiful Lady Violet Ainslie (Miss Viva Birkett). He is harassed by his fellow-members of the Cabinet, who feel he should resign; he is suspected by the family into which he was about to marry, and he determines that he is strong enough to trust the people of the Lancashire town of Blackshaw and resign his seat and win it again. One feels that John Greenwood would have been an easy victor; he carries so much weight; he is essentially so honest and brave; he is valuable to the State.

In the past, however, there have been real cases in which such a man has failed to hold his position. But surely "a few years hence" might not all go well with him? Mr. Houghton has not been contented with this simple plan, and has complicated and, from the theatrical point of view, possibly, greatly improved the future of his play by causing Lady Violet's father, the Marquis of Cheadle (Mr. Kenyon Musgrave) to forge a telegram which brings Mrs. Felton to Blackshaw at the time of the election. This ruse and the alienation of Violet's feelings for Greenwood enable the marquis's son, Richard Northenden (Mr. Neville) to gain a small majority. Thus the voice of the people is not really heard; they have been misled, Greenwood is abased in every way, and one is actually no nearer the answer to the original question.

The characters of the play are so finely drawn, the wit and skill of the whole thing so evident, and the acting throughout so convincing and attractive that we are carried along without time or inclination fully to analyse the occasional faulty logic of the scheme. The last act gives a moderated happy ending. Although Greenwood is conquered and rejected by all, including his father, everything is not lost. The author makes good his hero's retreat. An admirable Earl, with the histrionic name of Eccles, provides a review for the ex-Presi-

dent of the Board of Labour to edit; the charming Violet finds how greatly she has been deceived, and returns to her lover, other agreeable things happen, and the play ends not in public victory for the hero, but in private and sincere happiness. Although there are many touches of theatricality superimposed on the direct quality of this play, it is interesting from the first moment to the last, and will, we believe, long hold the attention of audiences.

It is because we believe so fully in the ability of Mr. Houghton to advance the best interests of the stage that, on consideration, a moment or two of disappointment is felt. But while Mr. Bouchier and his brilliant company are enacting the rapid action of the play, all goes well, our interest is sustained, our sense of satire delighted, our natural taste for excitement and movement constantly stimulated and satisfied. Although it belongs to a smaller and less real class of work than "Hindle Wakes," Mr. Houghton's new play deserves the success it is sure to attain, especially as it is admirably produced and acted with skill during every moment of its thrilling action. Seldom has Mr. Bouchier been so powerful, so truthful and inspiring on the stage, while Mr. Weguelin as Lord Eccles, Miss Gott as the old mother of Greenwood, and Miss Birkett as Violet, are each after their fashion a delight to watch.

"The Indian Mutiny" at the New Princes Theatre

WE have sometimes said that Mr. Walter and Mr. Frederick Melville know what their public wants, and see that they get it. But we can hardly suppose that the so-called romantic drama dealing with some early incidents of the Indian Mutiny of 1857 can be just the sort of mixture that the audience of the New Princes Theatre greatly cares for. Although it has been lavishly praised in the Press, we cannot accept such an ungainly work as that of Mr. George Daventry seriously. Never for a moment does he take the trouble to convince. It is impossible to believe in his incidents, whether tragic, melodramatic, or comic; the language of his characters is utterly confusing. At one moment such well-worn and suggestive phrases as "Let me pass" and "I hold you in the hollow of my hand" are freely used; in the next we are treated to more or less up-to-date Cockney slang. The whole thing is ill-arranged and absurd. Even the well-trained gallery roared with laughter at many a would-be pathetic touch; but they also appeared greatly amused by the funny servant, Terry O'Brien (Mr. Williams), who was Irish only in name; and they are also easily entertained by various almost childish melodramatic tricks.

The acting, however, is extremely interesting; that so clever a group of players should be given so little chance to engage the intelligence of the audience adds greatly to the discomfort of watching this five-act play. Mr. Henry Lonsdale, as Nebu Sing, the leader of the

Hindu rebels, throws every ounce of his personality into the long and trying scenes in which he is a foremost character. If the power and good intention of an actor could make a play, "The Indian Mutiny" would be a great success, for Mr. Lonsdale does not spare himself. Nor does Mr. Albert Ward as Abul Khan, the Lion of Lahore, a part which, without his careful and vivid rendering, would be poor indeed. Miss Dora Barton, too, looks the character of the Eurasian maiden, Ghuznah, a Brahmin priestess, trained to arms, to perfection. She is sincerity itself in her every movement, tone, and action, but her words belie her and make her part appear to be one purely of the stage. Mr. C. W. Standing, as a young English hero, who is often given up for lost but never dies, is Manley by name and sometimes in manner. But the best character sketch is provided by Mr. Rothbury Evans, as Major Ingleby, who conveys something of the atmosphere of '57 across the footlights and helps for a short while to give an air of truth to the action. The subject is, of course, an excellent one for melodrama, but, unfortunately, the chances are missed, and the effect of "The Indian Mutiny" is very far from being such as we have a right to expect from the experienced and accomplished management.

EGAN MEW.

Mr. F. R. Benson at the Coronet

THIS is the second week of Mr. Benson's four weeks' visit to the Coronet Theatre. The plays of Shakespeare very greatly predominate in the list of those selected for production, although on Friday evening, 7th inst., that good old favourite, "She Stoops to Conquer," was the one chosen. Having seen Miss Horniman's excellent company in this same play last May, it was impossible not to compare the two companies, and, although the first scene on Friday night made us feel that the present players were not going to equal the Northern actors, as the play proceeded there did not seem very much left to be desired from them. The part of Tony Lumpkin, played by Mr. Harry Caine, certainly seemed nearer to the age of twenty-one than it did when in the hands of Mr. Charles Bibby. We think that a little too much foolery is made of drilling the servants by Mr. Hardcastle, and young Marlow does not strike us as a man who is unavoidably shy in the presence of women in his own sphere of life; it seems rather as if his diffident manner had to be assumed in the presence of Kate Hardcastle, and that he was very glad when the ordeal was over and he could be his natural self again.

Miss Dorothy Green as Kate, Miss Rosa Burgess as Mrs. Hardcastle, Mr. Murray Carrington as Hastings, and Mr. Baliol Calvert as Mr. Hardcastle were all well suited to their parts, and helped to bring about a successful evening.

On Monday evening "A Midsummer Night's Dream" held the boards, and the enthusiasm of the audience proved that this most charming of all fairy stories still possesses its great power of attraction.

As *Hermia*, Miss Dorothy Green again had a part with which she did full justice, but we wish that *Lysander* had seemed a little more eager to respond to so charming a mistress, after *Oberon* had repaired the mistake committed by the mischievous *Puck*. Mr. Benson sometimes reminds us of an energetic mother who spends all her time and energy in working for and giving everything to her children, with the result that the youngsters are arrayed in garments of the finest, while mother is too tired to trouble about her own appearance. For instance, in the scene where the two pairs of lovers are asleep, Mr. Benson had placed the three in most graceful attitudes, but he himself merely sprawled on the hard floor and looked very ungainly. There is a slight leaning in this play, as in "She Stoops to Conquer," towards making funny parts too farcical, and Mr. Murray Carrington, although he made an excellent *Hastings*, is not suited to the part of *Oberon*, and, in spite of his height, succeeds in knocking two of the fairies' lanterns as he waves his magic wand. It is also not necessary, even for a King of the Fairies, to make a break at the end of each line. Miss Nora Nicholson is a delightful *Puck*, and the others are equally good.

Music

THE return to London of M. Serge de Diaghilew's troupe of Russian Dancers is a subject of general rejoicing among those who appreciate the most delightful form of entertainment which the wit of man has devised as an alternative to serious opera. At one time it seemed doubtful if arrangements could be made with M. Diaghilew, and even when we knew that we were to have our ballets, the rumour that Mme. Karsavina, one of the twin-stars of the company, would be left behind, was very alarming. M. Nijinsky is, no doubt, a "host in himself," but Mme. Karsavina's admirers are as numerous as his, and we think that it would have been a fatal policy to have tried a season without the bewitching little lady. It is to be hoped that when the famous *entrepreneur* assembles his Russian forces at Drury Lane in July, for opera and ballet, the mistake will not be made of trying to do without either Mme. Karsavina or M. Nijinsky. We English do not always make friends readily, but when we have made them, we like to keep them, and are conservative enough to welcome their visits even until their charms have nearly waned. Nor do we then cast off those who have been so kind and successful in ministering to our pleasure, but we are ready, for the sake of the friendly past, to go on insisting to ourselves that "the art is there," although the medium of its expression has suffered from the inevitable march of time. It is said that the Russian dancers retire early from their fatiguing profession. If that is so, we should like to feel confident that, until the time comes for the members of M. Diaghilew's present troupe to vanish from the scene of their theatre triumphs, they will return to us every year, unchanged.

Recruits will be received as friends of our old friends, but in addition to the two chief protagonists, we shall always expect and desire to have a yearly visit from Mmes. Nijinska and Fedorowa, and MM. Bolm and Cecchetti, not to mention any others. We wish we might soon hear that the unrivalled M. Fokine, to whom so immense a share of the success of the Russian Ballet has been due, had reconsidered his decision to withdraw from M. de Diaghilew's company. It is hardly possible that any successor equal to him will be found; yet there must be new ballets and some one to arrange the scenery and dances. The July season promises to be exceptionally interesting, with the new ballets, and the three Russian operas with the singers whom we have heard in Paris and at Monte Carlo, but never in London. The present season has been made remarkable by the production of M. Stravinsky's Ballet of "Pétrouchka." We say M. Stravinsky's because, although the names of MM. Igor and Benois are associated with his as joint authors, we have been told that the conception of the piece was chiefly his, and, of course, the music is entirely his own. No doubt there is a very considerable section of the London public which prefers those ballets in the course of which there is a great deal of what they call "real dancing" to those in which "miming" is the principal feature.

The "Sylphides," the "Carneval," and the "Spectre de la Rose" would probably gain most votes, were there a *plébiscite* to decide which were London's favourite ballets. But there is also a strong and influential contingent which does not prefer one kind to the other. M. Nijinsky is believed to prefer those ballets in which he can develop his powers as an actor to those in which he shines more particularly as a dancer. We can assure him that while we hope never to attend an evening of the ballet when there is not some piece for him to act in, we are convinced that if he gives up dancing the box-office receipts will suffer severely! On those evenings when "Pétrouchka" has been followed by the "Spectre de la Rose," it was unquestionably the latter which roused the most fervid enthusiasm. Everybody knows the familiar old music, as everybody knows that of the "Sylphides" and the "Carneval." That is one point in its favour. And then it is all "real dancing." "Pétrouchka" is weird, odd, uncannily clever, like nothing one has seen before; and as for its music, that is certainly not like any music we have heard before! For ourselves we admit that we were extraordinarily impressed not only by the admirable comedy and tragedy of the piece, but by the brilliant cleverness and the "inevitableness" of the music.

It is all a burlesque, no doubt, but so amazing is the art of the performers, that one cannot see the piece without being greatly moved by its underlying pathos. It is a mere detail that Mme. Karsavina and M. Nijinsky as the puppets manage to be so graceful yet so real, and MM. Katchetovsky and Cecchetti so humorous. It is the impression of reality given to the whole thing that is so startling. To some conservative ears the music may have sounded too queer and discordant.

To us it was a masterpiece of the finest kind of realism. Had one ever known action on the stage so faithfully mirrored in music? That was the question that pressed for an answer, and the answer was No. M. Stravinsky must have thought out "Pétrouchka" visually and musically at the same moment. Graphic illustration of burlesque action can, it seems, no further go than in this score. It is the amazingly audacious. The peaceful instruments of the orchestra must feel that their world has suddenly become all topsy-turvy; they are asked to do, both singly and in combination, what respectable flutes and bassoons were never bidden to essay before. They must get used to their novel employment, and may take this for their comfort, that they are acting at the bidding of a real master. What a wonderful country this young Russia is! Until last year, when we heard "L'Oiseau de Feu," M. Stravinsky's name was unknown in our country. Now we are acclaiming him as one of the most original musical minds of the period, and wondering if some day we shall not, after time has been given us to consider his output calmly, be granting him the rare style and title of "genius."

The performances of "Elektra" have been superb, as regards the work done by Mmes. Mildenburg, Fassbender, and Petzl-Perard. The Klytemnestra of Frau Mildenburg seemed even more wonderful than before, and she has so fine a voice, and is so splendid a singer, that in spite of Mr. Beecham's inability to control the orchestra, she managed to be heard, and to be heard with authority. Frau Fassbender, as actress, is the best Elektra we have seen, but her voice was unequal to a competition with the din (we can use no other word) raised by the orchestra. Mr. Beecham succeeds better than he did formerly in keeping together with the singers; if he would allow them their fair share of sound, he would be better still, and if he would reconsider his habit of getting up climaxes, which he manages in such a way that the effect of the big moments is discounted beforehand, we should be still further on the way to enjoying a satisfactory performance of a very great work.

The Bach Choir has done well to let us hear Dr. Vaughan-Williams' "Sea Symphony," a composition which meets with enthusiastic praise from a great number of competent judges of the younger school. We had hoped to enjoy it more than in fact we did, and look forward to finding it grander and more beautiful when we know it better. It has passages which, even at a first hearing, are undoubtedly dignified, but there are many which, when read in the score, promise to be very fine, and yet the promise is hardly fulfilled in performance. Nevertheless we learned from some who know the work intimately and had heard all the previous performances, that Dr. Allen secured a very fine reading of the "Sea Symphony," and we have only praise to give him for the work done by his choir in Bach's admirable but rather dull "Jesu, meine Freunde."

The first concert of the Rosé Quartett (of Vienna) was very delightful. Their playing of a Mozart Quartett was almost perfect in its simplicity and beauty, every-

thing was done with it as should be done, and never anything done too much. Then, beside Beethoven's Resonmnsky Quartett in C they gave us, with the invaluable help of Mrs. Carl Derenburg, a performance of Brahms's G minor Quartett that was truly memorable for its life and light. When, as Miss Ilona Eiberschütz, the pianist, was constantly heard, we never wavered in our belief that she was the best interpreter of Brahms before the public. No one could label that composer as a Dryasdust when *she* was at the piano, whatever may have been said or thought when one of the more timidly and wrongly reverential school was there.

Busoni has been playing more magnificently than ever, alas! with a greater superfluity of naughtiness. Were we to give a list of all his interferences with the Preludes of Chopin, we should require many columns of THE ACADEMY. He may emend Bach (and while he plays his arrangement of "Wachet auf" as he does, he will almost persuade us to be dumb about any Bach-peccadilloes we may discover) and Liszt, but we wish he could be content to let us hear Chopin unadorned by repetitions and additions.

The Magazines

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON has decidedly upset the coteries by her spirited article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Who Dictates? A Question of Dramatic Demand and Supply," in which she incidentally levels an attack on the tribe of dramatic critics. Several angry protests have been made in the public press on the subject, by the critics she has attacked, which seems to be an indication that she has touched the raw. Yet what she says has much truth, as anyone may discover by a very slight observation. In a play in which she herself appeared, Tchekov's "Seagull," we sat beside a distinguished writer who is the critic for one of the leading morning journals. He left early in the third act, and the following morning we were amused to read his declaration that the play grew worse and worse through the four acts, to conclude in a disastrous pistol shot. It was amusing, but it happens to be more than amusing when one remembers that it is by such matters forward movements in drama are retarded. Miss Kingston's article should do good, though it will, of course, draw on her future productions the hostility of the critics. It would do good, possibly, if it could reach the public. An article equally admirable, in a wholly different way, is by Yoshio Markino, on "The Post-Impressionist and Others." It is impossible to describe it; it is inimitable. In its simple directness it leaves one breathless time and again with its subtle penetration and wisdom—a wisdom, we may add, that is not confined to painting, but encloses an implicit philosophy of life. It is quite the wisest thing that has yet been said on the Post-Impressionists. Deliberately we would say that it alone is worth the price of the magazine. Mr. W. S.

Lilly writes upon Dr. Chatterton-Hill's book, "The Sociological Value of Christianity"; one is glad to welcome in it the revival of an original feature of the *Nineteenth Century*; the notice of some current outstanding book. Lord Curzon prints his speech at the Mansion House a month or so ago, on "London Beautiful."

In the *Fortnightly* Dr. Woodrow Wilson speaks with authority on the text "Freemen Need no Guardians." The article has an importance inasmuch as it seems to indicate the lines on which Dr. Wilson will shape his occupancy of the Presidential Chair; but it has a wider importance than that. As a philosophical disquisition, not to say the enunciation of a moral maxim of as much urgency as power, it should win, as it no doubt will win, considerable attention. In his article on "Greek Drama and the Dance," Mr. G. Warre Cornish deals with a subject that is bound to arouse attention in the immediate future of drama. There is a marked tendency in some quarters to re-introduce the chorus into drama, and once that gains any support it is more than likely that the other modern movement in favour of the old dances will be joined to it, for they were both parts of the one thing in the Greek drama. Yet a good many of the ideas that are current on the subject, especially in certain quarters, seem to be due to some ignorance of the conditions of Greek drama, and studies such as this by Mr. Cornish will do good. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in the same number is as vigorous as we should expect him to be on the subject of "The Aims and Duties of a National Theatre." As Mr. Jones has probably found out by this time, there is no place less apt to hear him than industrial England, especially when his text is so patently true as that "Only literature is permanent." There is nothing that the English mind likes less than literature, and when that is joined to serious drama, it seems rather a hopeless conjunction. Yet nothing can daunt Mr. Jones' zeal—if only it could be infectious!

The *English Review* this month has a restricted contents list by reason of the fact that fifty-four of its pages are taken up by a poem by Mr. Masefield, entitled "The Daffodil Fields." Those who have read his earlier poems will be able to gauge pretty accurately the scope and manner of this. For ourselves, we frankly confess that to put a quite ordinary tale in metre and stanza does not to us constitute poetry, although the rhymes may burst like popguns at the end of the lines. And the thinness of some of the emotion seems to us amazing. But the best criticism that could be given is that provided by putting Mr. Anthony Wharton's sketch "The Greek God" immediately after it. There is another round of fisticuffs; in its proper medium, prose. One does not have to sort the tale out of stanzas and rhymes. It is there, strong and original, and is told with a humorous strength that makes it one of the best things we have read for some time. In the same number Mr. Abercrombie deals with the subject of "Phonetics and Poetry." Although the subject does not sound very appetising, it is yet most important, and is capably handled. Mr. Abercrombie wisely, perhaps, avoids

the centre of the whole question, and that is the register of sounds. Take, for instance, some of the younger Irish poets, who, in the value of their lines, their consonants and vowel balance, are seeking to suggest the native accent of their speech. Would they accept the North of England pronunciation that Mr. Abercrombie praises? We much doubt it; we should doubt their perception of music if they did. Mr. S. Squire Sprigge in "Copyright and the Case of Coleridge Taylor," handles a subject important not only as the exposure of an enormity, but no less as a study in relative ethics. That a firm, or an individual, should have the legal right to a course of action which, stated in any other terms, would be demonstrable brigandage, is a curious comment on civilisation.

In the *British Review* there is rather a remarkable article entitled "Some Light on the Mystery of Evil." The subject is contained in a series of letters by a Roman Catholic priest, which record his experiences of visible beings that suggest courses of action to him. While we think that certain preconceptions have dictated the precise form of his observations, we are not of those who dismiss such things as hallucinations. The article deserves attentive reading, though the priest's observations would have gained much by a defined relation of his experiences. On a subject not far removed, Mr. Maurice Hewlett gives "The Soul at the Window." Mr. Richard FitzWalter writes "Ireland: A Plea for a Parley." Mr. Hilaire Belloc is well to the fore. He has an article on "Fiscal Reform," and we judge that the concluding "poem," "A Post-Impressionist Inconsequence," is from the same pen, in spite of the reference to H—l—e B—c and his Lieutenant C—c—l C—t—n. It adds to the gaiety of nations, but it would be a pity if it dominated the magazines. Nor is Anti-Semitic rancour altogether the most admirable of things.

The *Cornhill* has its usual excellent list of contents, inclining to tale and reminiscence rather than to politics. There is a noteworthy article in *The International Journal of Ethics* on "Some Weak Points in Ancient Greek Ethics," by Mr. J. Dashiell Stoops. In the *Dublin Review* (that is not so often engaged with Dublin matters as it might be) Mr. Charles Bewley criticises "The Irish National Theatre" in an essay that is one of the first adverse criticisms that the Abbey Theatre has had in such a magazine, though it has often enough needed it. Mr. Bewley, it seems to us, weakens his case by demanding what the Theatre never said it would provide. That the plays do not represent Irish life with any kind of faithfulness anyone can discover by a knowledge of the people in the Western counties. But the Abbey Theatre can escape from that charge by saying that it did not guarantee such faithfulness. It set out to make literature. Instead of this, it puts on one play after another that has not the slightest pretention to literature; sordid, gross, problem plays, actualistic plays that are not in the least degree actual, or else long-winded discussions that are tedious beyond expression. The Abbey Theatre sprang from the Irish Literary Theatre. It looks as though it will conclude by being a

debating society. Mr. Lancelot Lawton in the same magazine discusses "Foreign Politics of the Day," and needs no introduction to readers of THE ACADEMY in that capacity.

Turk and Bulgarian

IN the interesting book* which they have just published on the war in the Balkans, Mr. Ellis and Mr. Seabury Ashmead-Bartlett express the opinion that the Turkish soldiers are in no way to blame for the disasters of the campaign, for, as so often in the past, they proved themselves to be brave, patient, obedient, and capable of almost superhuman feats of endurance. But, in the opinion of the authors, a very grave measure of responsibility rests with the Turkish government which, sunk in the apathy of a sterile creed, only awoke from its perennial slumber and began to prepare for war when the little Balkan States had already dealt their first blow:—

Then, at the eleventh hour, the Ottoman Government, unable to concentrate its regular army in time to meet the attack of the invaders, seized hold of all the old *redifs* (reservists) upon whom it could lay hands; formed these harmless, untrained, peace-loving peasants into extemporary regiments, without the proper quota of officers, or any previous training; improvised these mob regiments into brigades, out of which the headquarters staff, with its peculiar faculty for self-deception, formed phantom divisions and army corps. Then, although fully aware that no effective stand could be made north of the lines of Chataldja, the Government despatched the whole of this unwilling band of martyrs to do battle around Lule Burgas, merely because for political reasons they wished to make a show of resistance near the frontier. They did not hesitate to sacrifice the lives of some 60,000 soldiers in order to postpone for a few weeks the inevitable disclosure of their weakness.

The book does not pretend to be a comprehensive history of the war, the authors having confined themselves to describing what they actually saw. It none the less contains some very illuminating chapters on the Turkish military system, and on the course of events during the last century which led up to the present war, and the débâcle at Lule Burgas.

The book is a fascinating story of adventure, and shows the methods of two enterprising correspondents, who were endeavouring to do their duty to their newspaper by witnessing events with their own eyes. Their exploits are in refreshing contrast to those of Lieutenant Wagner, who stole a march upon his unsuspecting comrades by sending to the *Reichspost* news with which he was spoon-fed by the Bulgarian Government, with the date-lines of "Bulgarian Army Headquarters," thereby implying that he had witnessed with his own

* *With the Turks in Thrace.* By ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, in collaboration with SEABURY ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. Illustrated. (Wm. Heinemann. 12s. 6d. net.)

telescopic eyes events from which, by the subsequent showing of his companion correspondents, he was some one hundred miles removed.

The authors of the present work finally dispose of Lieutenant Wagner in a chapter devoted to his inaccuracies. In the course of an elaborate *exposé* they say: "Writing from the headquarters of the Bulgarian army Wagner describes a bloody battle in which the Turks lost 40,000 killed and wounded as having taken place in and around Chorlou a few days after the disaster at Lule Burgas. Yet we who were there saw nothing of the battle." After several other equally striking examples the authors pay a noble tribute to the Turkish soldiers in refutation of Lieutenant Wagner's statement to the effect that "the atrocities committed by the retreating Turks were awful; all the villages were burned to ashes, all the Christians were massacred, and dozens of female bodies have been found mutilated. The Anatolian *redifs* especially behaved like wild beasts." Mr. Seabury Ashmead-Bartlett was in a better position to judge of the behaviour of the Turkish soldiers, for he shared their hardships during that memorable retreat from Lule Burgas to Chataldja, while the light of subsequent events has shown that Wagner was at that time inditing his despatches from the more congenial atmosphere of the best hotel in Sofia. Therefore we prefer to believe the former when he writes:—

Poor gentle, kind-eyed Anatolian peasants. You were starving and disorganised, yet I marched with you all the way from Lule Burgas to Chataldja, rather over one hundred miles, without a passport or any other paper to prove who I was, and with a cartload of stores; and none of you ventured to molest me. I was a Christian, and King Ferdinand had proclaimed a Holy War; yet one of you offered to share his last crust of bread with me when I gave him a drink of water. Nor did I see you massacre and illtreat Christians or mutilate their womenfolk, although when you were starving they used to shut their doors in your faces and refuse to give you of the food which they possessed in plenty. Their flocks also you left untouched in your extremity, and their chickens and their corn. Few European armies would have behaved in such a gentle manner as you did.

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's despatches describing the battle of Lule Burgas, which he was the only correspondent to witness, have long since attained fame. Now that they are amplified and presented in book form, they make a superb picture of modern warfare. We know of no living writer who has the same capacity as Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett for bringing battle-scenes vividly before the eyes of his readers, and once again, as so often in the past, he has given proof of great enterprise and personal courage. No less vivid, and relieved with passages of rare humour and deep human interest, is his brother's story of the retreat to Chataldja.

In the concluding chapter the authors point the lesson of the war for England in the following significant words:—

The telegraph, the railway, and the aeroplane, have made of war an affair of days where it used to be an

affair of months. Armies can be concentrated with a speed undreamed of in bygone days. A decisive blow can be struck with almost lightning rapidity, and the fate of a nation decided in a few weeks. Nowadays a war is won in times of peace, and the army which is best organised at the outbreak of hostilities, and that can be concentrated with the greatest rapidity, must be victorious.

The war between Turkey and the Balkan coalition began on October 16. On the evening of October 31 the Turkish army was routed, and the fugitives were flying, without a semblance of order, back to Constantinople. In a campaign of two weeks the conquests of six centuries were lost. The days when recruits could be trained in the course of a laborious and prolonged march toward the front, have gone for ever. Yet we in England are told in all seriousness that the Territorial forces can be trained after the outbreak of war, on the hypothesis that six months must elapse before they could reasonably be called upon to fight, and that in the meantime a striking force of one hundred and fifty thousand regulars would amply suffice for all our needs.

In the Learned World

AT a time when our Government's dealings with the Marconi Company (and Mr. Godfrey Isaacs) are attracting some attention, another interesting event in science is the result of some experiments made in Germany. Herr Kiebitz has been operating at Belzig, not twenty-five miles from Potsdam, with a new sort of receiving apparatus, which consists briefly of a series of wires stretched horizontally between posts one metre above the surface of the ground, and extending about 100 yards on each side of the hut which contains the receiving apparatus and the operator. He has arranged several such series pointing in different directions, the principle of the direction of waves in wireless telegraphy being now fairly well understood. He found that signals made by the waves sent out by the Government stations at Swinemünde and Norddeich can be perfectly heard with his apparatus, and that by lengthening his wires he can intercept messages coming from the Eiffel Tower and the Admiralty in London. With still further lengthening, he heard, although, one would gather, not so distinctly, messages from the Marconi stations at Poldhu, at Clifden, and at Glace Bay. Although, at present, at any rate, Herr Kiebitz's apparatus can only be used for "tapping" other people's messages, and not for sending one's own, the strategical importance of his system will be evident to everybody. A wire stretched along the ground would be quite invisible to airships or aeroplanes, and the operator could "tap" the enemy's messages without any of the risk attaching to the sky-scraping towers of the Marconi Company. One wonders whether our clever rulers have found time to take notice of Herr Kiebitz's invention, which is described with illustrations in a recent number of the *Revue Scientifique*.

The pother about the Piltdown skull seems abated, and we shall now be able to wait until the evidence as

to its age can be argued out by experts. Whether they will ever come to any reasonably convincing agreement on the point is another matter. In the meantime, it may be pointed out that if man really appeared on the earth in Tertiary times, the evidence of the fact ought, according to the laws of probability, to be more plentiful than it is up till now. Prof. Niezabitowski, in the *Comptes-rendus* of the Academy of Sciences of Cracow, describes his recent finding of the mummified corpse of the woolly Rhinoceros, a species which must have been extinct in Europe soon after the Glacial Age, in some ozokerit deposits at Starunia, near Lemberg, while the bodies of its contemporary, the mammoth, have been more than once found preserved in ice in Siberia. Is it only luck which has prevented us hitherto from coming across human remains in similar conditions? There is really no reason why we should not meet with them in a fossil state, when we consider the number of volcanic eruptions that must have occurred with as overwhelming results as at Pompeii and Martinique. Prof. Charles Walcott has just discovered at Mount Stephen, in the Rockies, on the States side of the British Columbia frontier, many fossils of trilobites, and other animals in Cambrian rocks, which show not only the hard parts, but the soft tissues perfectly preserved. Their preservation is attributed to some great catastrophe, probably volcanic, which led to their suffocation by carbonic acid gas at the time of the formation of the very early strata in which they were found. Why should not the same thing have occurred with man at some time or other; and, if so, why do we not find traces of it?

A new day ought before long to dawn for agriculture, according to the very interesting lecture which M. Gabriel Bertrand lately delivered to the Congress of Applied Chemistry at New York. He showed his audience how the list of "inorganic" metals and metalloids present in plants, which were at one time supposed not to go beyond phosphorus and a trace of sulphur, has now extended to more than 30 out of the 80 so-called elements. Of these, certain of the metals, such as manganese, aluminium, zinc, and copper have the most extraordinarily stimulating effect on the growth of vegetable life, and enter into its composition, although in such small quantities as to have been detected only lately. It is evident from this and other considerations that these metals act not as components, but merely by their presence, in the same way that a ferment, such as yeast, will set working an almost unlimited quantity of mash. M. Bertrand asserts that the enormous increase in crops like oats, maize, and beet which follows the administration of these metals in the shape of manure is due to the help they give in fixing in the tissues of the plant the oxygen of the air, and on this, his experiments at the *Institut Pasteur* and the Sorbonne leave little doubt possible. He pointed out in his peroration that the man who thus makes two ears of corn grow where one only grew before is bringing into the service of man energy from a practically unlimited and costless source outside our earth, that is to say, the energy of the sun. Even the

celestial bodies, however, have gradually to give up their secrets to man's curiosity. All the elements that the spectroscope enables us to see in the stars have lately been found on the earth, with the single exception of what was supposed to be an unearthly form of hydrogen discovered by Prof. Pickering, of Lowell Observatory, some time ago, in the star known as Zeta Puppis. Mr. Fowler, of the Royal Astronomical Society, has now announced that he has succeeded in producing the new spectrum in question by exposing hydrogen and helium mixed to a very heavy electric discharge in an exhausted tube. It is probable, therefore, that the stars contain no elements unknown to us. Yet the heavens keep some secrets to themselves, and M. Stroobant has just demonstrated to the Académie des Sciences that double stars, as well as variable ones like that in Algol, are much more numerous in the Milky Way than in any other part of the visible sky. One may ask, why?

F. L.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

WEDNESDAY, February 5.—We all miss Balcarres very much; it was not until he left that we realised how much. Bonar Law has decided to leave Lord Edmund Talbot to carry on until the end of the Session, and it will not be until we come back in March that a fresh appointment, if any, will be made.

To-day the long battle over the Welsh Church came to an end. The debate was on a fairly high plane; Alfred Lyttelton went to the wicket first. As he gets older I think his oratory mellows. He spoke generously of what Nonconformity had done, but earnestly pleaded for toleration towards the older Church. Lloyd George's last words, from his point of view, were excellent. Dillon protested that there was no political bargaining on the part of the Irish, but Bonar Law made mincemeat of his arguments. The Bill would have been dead now but for the Nationalists, who on seven or eight occasions had come to the rescue with their votes—the votes of men who had avowed again and again that their votes were given on English affairs without any regard to the merits of the question. The head of the Government had stated some years ago that his party would not take office unless they had an independent majority. He had recently said he adhered to the spirit and letter of that declaration. How did he reconcile his words and his actions? Asquith merely bunched up his mouth and shrugged his shoulders. It had been arranged that McKenna should wind up; so there was no need for him to reply.

McKenna did not attempt to answer Bonar Law's searching questions, but contented himself by asserting that the Bill had been made a plank in three elections recently, and the Government supporters had been returned. Wales was a separate nation from England, and England had always been sympathetic to the

smaller races in her midst. Here the Opposition shouted, "What about Ulster" and were met with counter-cries of "Derry!" The victor of Derry, by the way, took the oath to-day, Scotch fashion, amid tremendous cheers. He is a tall, good-looking man, not unlike John Dillon, but less lachrymose in expression. Being a Protestant, there is probably some difficulty in his taking the mysterious pledge of the Nationalists, so he has compromised matters by sitting three behind McKenna, on the Liberal benches.

The division was a disappointment from our point of view. The Coalition, after their recent narrow escape, were taking no risks, and 347 went into the lobby, whilst only 240 of ours turned up to a three-lined whip. Counting unavoidable pairs and illness, I believe there were at least ten men unaccounted for; this is not good enough on an important division. There was some excitement in the House, and more in the lobby, which was full of little men uttering uncouth noises in a joyful tone. They sang the "March of the Men of Harlech" and other ditties, whilst the Pilotage Bill was steered through the report stage and read a third time.

On Thursday the Prime Minister was away, so Lloyd George took command. There happened to be a number of questions addressed to the Prime Minister about Lloyd George's new agricultural schemes. The House has very good reasons for believing that Asquith is not in agreement with his Chancellor on the question, so the situation was a piquant one. Lloyd George, his little eyes twinkling with fun, thoroughly enjoyed himself in answering the questions about himself.

"Was the speech of the Chancellor at the National Liberal Club spoken with the knowledge and approval of the Prime Minister?" asked Mike Thompson. "From what I know of the Chancellor of the Exchequer," was the glib reply, "I think he is incapable of making any statements of which the Prime Minister does not approve."

Mike was not to be done. "Was it true that the Prime Minister torpedoed the Chancellor's land scheme?"

"Speaking on behalf of the Prime Minister," said Lloyd George, slightly mimicking the Premier's voice and wholly copying his sententious manner, "I may say that I do not think the Chancellor has proposed any land scheme."

The House laughed and proceeded to discuss Scottish temperance. The Commons Bill has been greatly pulled about by the Lords. McKinnon Wood was in charge. The Lords had suggested that the licence-holders should have at least ten years' grace before the system of extinction began. The teetotallers thought this far too much, and for some inscrutable reason even objected to allow licensees to arrange a system of voluntary insurance against local option. George Younger said McKinnon Wood did not know anything about Scotland. He happened to be born there, but had spent all his life in London. Like the famous election story of the kittens born in a herring-basket, "it did not make them herrings."

"Alpheus Cleophas," another Londoner who sits for some place in the wilds of Sutherlandshire, plainly hinted that some members wanted an extension of the time to enable them to sell more beer. This was such an obvious hit at Younger, who brews the finest beer north of the Tweed, that the Speaker intervened, and told old Morton he must not impute unworthy motives, whereupon the Biblically named Scotch-cum-Londoner subsided; but the Lords' amendments were mostly thrown out.

The Radicals seem to do what they like with finance. All the safeguards that our ancestors built up so carefully to check despotic kings are brushed aside by Asquith and Co. On Friday afternoon they coolly asked for nearly two millions of money for the precious Insurance Act to come out of the finances for the year ending March 31, 1913. To keep our finances straight and to prevent tricks, all unexpended balances in the hands of the great spending departments have to be paid back into the Treasury at the end of the financial year, now rapidly approaching. Instead of doing this, our Government asks for £1,500,000 on account, which they cannot possibly spend before the end of March. Whitley said the vote was not out of order, but it was for Ministers to defend.

Masterman explained the reasons of the new departure. It was merely to give confidence to the insurance societies and the doctors. The Tories had said Parliament had not voted the money—that when they came in they would repeal the Act, and that everybody would be left in the lurch, so the reduction to test the question, moved by Banbury, was voted on and lost.

The rest of the day was spent in a long wrangle over the Act. Worthington Evans, Sir Philip Magnus, and Harry Forster pointed out some of the weak places in the Act—where and how it had failed, and gave instances; the free choice of doctors, the lack of sanatorium benefit, was all gone into.

Lloyd George was airily optimistic. There might be a few little difficulties at first; "You couldn't expect anything else in a scheme so vast and complex." The agitation against the Act was a sham, and would die down after the L.C.C. election. The whole agitation was unreal; it was engineered by a few disgruntled doctors and the astute wirepullers of the Municipal Reform Party at Spring Gardens. Everybody having let off steam—including the Irish, who had a private battle amongst themselves in the corner, the rights of which I could not catch—the vote was carried without a division, and progress was reported.

When Asquith outlined the Government arrangements, he read out such a long list of Bills to complete that Bonar Law gravely asked him if he had not picked up the wrong paper; "Wasn't it the programme for next Session?"

The clearing-up necessitated that most hateful of all things—a Saturday sitting. The business was Committee of supply—dull but necessary routine concerning the Supplementary Estimates for the Civil Service, involving a vote of sixty thousand odd pounds for the

Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. There were very few people present when the Speaker took the Chair at eleven. The Irishmen, both Nationalist and Ulster, pounced upon the subject as a means of discussing the recent outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease. Probably this was the reason why it was put down for Saturday—an awkward subject, and the fewer present the better. The Irish said the precautions of England were much too drastic and quite unnecessary. T. W. Russell doggedly defended his action. The severe measures taken at first undoubtedly saved Ireland from a serious situation.

Sandys pointed out the moral and adorned the tale by saying how Irishmen of all parties combined to embarrass the British Government. This is exactly what will happen under Home Rule when a difference of opinion arises.

Curiously enough, at the end of every session interest centres in the House of Lords, and a number of us drifted in to hear Lord Herschell deliver himself on the question of the Territorial Forces. It is practically admitted on all sides that Haldane's elaborate scheme, which was received with such pæans of praise, has broken down, and the Government, in despair, are looking towards the coldly treated National Reserve as a way out of their difficulties. It was not so very long ago that they refused permission for the National Reserve committees to clothe their men in uniforms, even *at their own expense*. It looks as if they will be glad to avail themselves of their services, and pay the county associations 5s. per man to those who expressed their desire to place their services at the disposal of the country for home defence in case of grave national emergency, and 10s. if they would fight in any part of the world. Lord Roberts may yet see his National Service scheme adopted, and some think conscription is not far off. We have had conscription before, and in the times that are impending we may see it again.

In the Commons we had an explosion from Clement Kinloch-Cooke. Speaking about Rosyth, he asked why Winston could not answer Charles Beresford's question about a bank of mud being discovered. "I thought you were a slinger of mud yourself," he said. The Speaker rebuked the member for Devonport, who later on apologised.

Army and Health Insurance Votes and the £16,000 required for the Board of Trade occupied the rest of the evening. The Committee seemed to think that the "Titanic" inquiry had cost a great deal of money. Like everything done in a hurry, the result had been most meagre.

The House sat till 2 a.m. A number of members were asleep, and some, I regret to report, snored. I am sorry to say a larger number pretended to sleep and snored louder. Arthur Markham declared he could not hear the speeches for the noise. The member he indicated was sleeping on the cross-benches below the Bar, which is technically outside the House. Maclean, who was in the chair, admitted he heard "some noise," and, if the member was now awake, he wished he would

resume his slumbers outside. His friends having prodded him, the member rubbed his eyes and retired. Thus is our legislation carried on in these days.

One is often struck with the practical way the British act in the case of disaster. It was not until late on Monday afternoon that the papers gave details of the Antarctic disaster and extracts from Captain Scott's pathetic diary. On Tuesday, Austen Chamberlain paid a tribute to those brave men, and asked what the Government intended to do for the dependents. The Prime Minister was equally brief, but entirely sympathetic. "The appeal will not fall on deaf ears"—that was all. Men swallowed and looked uncomfortable, but there was deep sympathy in the low hum of approval as they put on their hats again. Intensely British—no fuss—no show—but the right thing very well done.

All the rest of the afternoon we fought over the Railway Bill, until they got into a muddle and had to report progress. I believe that the thing is dead, and another promise of the Government has gone unfulfilled; but, as with the women, they will say: "Come, we did our best to fulfil our promise, but fate was too strong for us."

Tim Healy was very rancorous about the way the Insurance money was being obtained. He practically said it was illegal. We passed many Votes and some small Bills, rising about 2.15 p.m., to find our way home as best we might in a thicker fog than that which enveloped John Chilcote, M.P.

Notes and News

The Eugenics Education Conference will be held by kind permission at the University of London, South Kensington, on Saturday, March 1, 1913. President, Major L. Darwin; vice-presidents, Rt. Hon. Rupert Guinness, M.P., the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's, and Miss Tuke.

The Annual Exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society in aid of London charities will be held this year at Surrey House, Marble Arch, by kind permission of Lady Battersea, from February 23 to 26. Intending exhibitors should communicate with the hon. secretary, the Hon. Mrs. Mallet, 43, Cadogan Gardens.

A new edition of Professor Stout's well-known "Manual of Psychology" is in active preparation by the University Tutorial Press, Cambridge. The book is being very largely re-written, and a considerable amount of new matter is being added. It is hoped that it will be ready some time in June next.

The *Bookman*, in its February number, announces a Twenty-One Guinea Prize Competition, and is apparently so sure that there are poets enough alive to make a response that it promises to print the prize poems and a large selection of the others in a special supplement. It should be interesting to watch the result of this experiment.

Under Royal British patronage, Mr. Ch. J. Bishenden will commence a new series of his popular Invitation

Lecture-Concerts on "Old British Composers," by giving "Sir Henry Bishop, and Singers of His Time," on February 19, at 105, New Oxford Street, W.C., when a selection from this eminent composer's works will be sung by Mr. and Mrs. Bishenden and pupils, and will include Bishop's original arrangement of "Home, Sweet Home."

The Visual Instruction Committee of the Colonial Office has issued a book of lantern lectures on Australasia, the third of a series for which a special fund was raised by a committee of ladies presided over by Lady Dudley, and under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, then Princess of Wales. The book, which is illustrated by maps and views, is being published by Messrs. George Philip and Son, and the slides may be bought from Messrs. Newton and Co., 37, King Street, Covent Garden.

The first flying speed race of the season will take place at the London Aerodrome, Hendon, on Saturday, February 22, the concluding day of the Aero Show at Olympia. The event, which is timed for 3 p.m., will be a handicap with two preliminary heats of four laps or six miles, and a final of six laps or nine miles, around the measured course. The first prize for the race is the Aero Show Trophy (value 60 guineas), presented by the proprietors of the London Aerodrome, together with £20, while the second prize is £10.

"The Masque of Learning," by Professor Patrick Geddes, which was performed before enormous audiences in Edinburgh last autumn, is to be produced from March 11 to 15 in the Great Hall of the University of London at South Kensington. Tickets and all information can be obtained from the Masque Secretary, Crosby Hall, Chelsea, S.W. There will be about 500 performers, under the general direction of Mrs. Percy Dearmer, in the masque, which begins with the Barbarian Invasion, and stretches on through the Middle Ages to modern times.

The People's Free Theatre for the production of Poetic Drama, founded four years ago by Miss Gwendolen Bishop, is about to produce the old Morality play, "Everyman," at various halls in the poorer parts of London. The performances are as follows:—February 17, St. James's Hall, Canonbury; February 22, Toynbee Hall, Commercial Street, E.; February 25, St. John's Institute, Tufton Street, Westminster; February 27, Mansford Street Hall, Bethnal Green, E.; March 1, Mansfield House Settlement, Canning Town, E.; and March 5, Hoxton Hall, Hoxton Street, N.

The Birmingham Repertory Theatre will open to-day, February 15, at 8 o'clock, with an entirely new production of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." Among other productions during the first season will be Ben Jonson's comedy, "The Alchemist"; St. John Hankin's "The Cassilis Engagement"; W. B. Yeats' "Countess Kathleen"; Maschfield's "Nan"; and Lady Gregory's "White Cockade." A new Shakespearean production will be given during the birthday week. The company has been invited to give a performance of John Galsworthy's "The Silver Box," at Stratford-on-Avon, during the festival.

The Chadwick Trust, founded in 1895 under the will of the late eminent sanitarian, Sir Edwin Chadwick,

K.C.B., has arranged for a series of public Lectures to be delivered during this year in London and certain provincial towns. In April, Dr. J. T. C. Nash, D.P.H., will be prepared with three disquisitions on "The Evolution of Epidemics," to be delivered at the London County Hall, Spring Gardens. Sir Alexander Binnie, M.Inst.C.E., will be the chairman at the first lecture. In June, Dr. F. W. Mott, F.R.S., will give a course at the Royal Society of Arts, under the title of "Nature and Nurture in Mental Development." Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D., F.R.S., will preside at the first lecture. Among lectures in contemplation for the provincial cities are: "The Public Milk Supply—Some Criticisms and Suggestions from the Public Health Standpoint," by Prof. Henry R. Kenwood, at Manchester; and "Water Supply," with exhaustive consideration of sources, collecting works, conveyance, and distribution, by Mr. E. P. Hill, M.Inst.C.E., at Birmingham. Glasgow, Bristol, and other cities of the kingdom will also be provided with Chadwick public lectures during the year. All the lectures will be free and open to the public, but will be of a character to attract post-graduate and advanced students of engineering, medicine, and other cognate sciences.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE PLIGHT OF JAPAN.

WITH the opening of the Taisho era, it is plain that Japan is passing through a crisis no less important than that which, some half-century ago, found solution in the abolition of the Shogunate and the restoration of the Monarchy. To explain in any detail the many-sided phases of this crisis and their relation to the activities of the various parties in the State would require more space than is at our disposal. Broadly speaking, the situation which has now arisen in an acute form may be described as the final stage of a somewhat prolonged struggle between a bureaucracy, strongly entrenched behind the surviving power of clan government, and a young and inexperienced democracy but recently emerged from the toils of feudalism. Hitherto Western people, taking a casual interest in the affairs of Japan, have not been permitted, as it were, to investigate the forces that have long been at work beneath the surface. The only mediums for inquiry available—books written by confessed admirers of the country—led them to believe that the Japanese were altogether unique among the races of the world, in that they composed one vast family, having at its head a divine despot, and knowing not the tribulations of petty domestic strife. The extraordinary patriotism and incomparable gallantry exhibited by the Japanese forces during the war with Russia were believed to be the logical development of this perfect system of governmental control.

That the statesmen of old Japan aimed at the creation of Utopia, wherein should be blended the useful qualities derived from universal acknowledgment of the sanctity of the Throne, with the practical forms and precepts of Western progress, could not be doubted. "From the nature of the original polity of this country," wrote Ito,

in framing the Constitution, "there ought to be one, and only one, source of sovereign power of State, just as there is one dominant will that calls into motion each and every distinct part of the human body. The use of the Diet is to enable the head of the State to perform his functions and to keep the will of the State in a well-disciplined, strong, and healthy condition." Ito deprecated the Ministry being regarded as a corporate body, on the ground that "the evil of such a system is that the power of party combination will ultimately over-rule the supreme power of the sovereign." In the light of events, which have marched quickly since this great statesman passed from the scene, it is abundantly clear that his ideal plan to safeguard his country from the evils of an aggressive democracy has completely failed. It is, of course, inconceivable that a man of Ito's vision and experience did not appreciate the dangers that lay ahead. Nevertheless, he placed implicit faith in the inherent vitality of the religious loyalty of the masses towards the sacred Throne; and he did not hesitate to claim that of all the nations that had adopted representative government Japan was an exception, because in her case the Emperor voluntarily conceded a Constitution, whereas in every other example known to history the monarch had been compelled to surrender his privileges under threat of violence. His aim, however, presupposed the continued existence of a temperate and enlightened bureaucracy and a happy and contented proletariat.

He neglected to take sufficiently into account the new and strange forces that were inevitably to be brought into being as a consequence of educational, industrial, and imperial advancement. His plan worked fairly smoothly so long as the nation was engaged in protecting its existence against foreign foes, and so long as the masses remained obedient to feudal traditions. During this period any inconvenient manifestation of the spirit of political independence was met with undisguised repression. Thus the authorities did not hesitate on occasions to suppress or suspend hostile newspapers, to prohibit public assemblies, and to cast political leaders into prison. In like manner they suspended or dissolved the Diet whenever the temper of that body ran contrary to their policy, and in the meantime carried on the government of the country by the simple expedient of issuing Imperial Ordinances. To the people they justified their conduct with the assurance that they were giving interpretation to the will of the Emperor, and for a time the inherent loyalty of the masses, to which I have referred, was proof against anything in the nature of active resentment. But at last it has dawned upon the nation that the Cabinet is not giving expression to the wisdom of the Throne, but is, in fact, sheltering behind the Throne in the pursuit of a policy that is essentially bureaucratic in its aim.

While Ministries in Japan, in order that they might enjoy legislative freedom, have hitherto been compelled to seek the support of political parties, they have always been considered as quite outside the sphere of the party system, and have, in fact, contained at the most only two or three members who belonged to a political party.

Not infrequently, in face of a vote of censure in the Diet, the Cabinet has advised the Emperor to dissolve that assembly, and has continued in office in complete disregard of the will of the nation. There is now a demand that the Ministry be responsible, not to the Throne, but to the elected representatives of the people, and that political parties receive adequate recognition. That clan government, as centred in the bureaucracy, cannot long survive is apparent. On the other hand, it is undeniable that, in its present immature state, the triumph of the party system would be attended by disastrous results. Mr. Ozaki, one of the principal leaders of the new democratic movement, has himself described the Diet as an assembly of the lowest types of men, and has observed that, in attending the House, "sober thinkers feel as if they were being conducted to a hell or assembly of devils."

It is clear, then, that, if a satisfactory solution of the difficulty is to be found, it must proceed along the lines of sane compromise. In the meantime, while bitter controversy rages, the national fabric is being shaken to its very foundations. The Emperor's counsel to the Marquess Saionji, the leader of the principal political party in the State, that he should induce his followers to adopt a more complaisant attitude, was without any satisfactory result, and Prince Katsura has consequently been driven from office. It would be premature to arrive at the conclusion that affection for the Throne has sensibly diminished in Japan. But, on the other hand, recent events go to show that no longer can the will of the Throne be inspired and employed as an efficacious factor in determining the policy of an ambitious Ministry. When we reflect that such a phenomenon as this would have been unthinkable in the Japan of ten years ago, then we may realise the urgent and vital importance of the crisis through which the country is now passing. So long as the nation was recovering from the effects of the period that preceded the Restoration, so long as the process of welding into one family the many feudal and class divisions was in progress, and so long as the struggle for recognition among the powers of the world continued, then patriotism, patience, and obedience were the guiding virtues of the masses. But now that all these accomplishments have brought in their wake social problems deeply affecting the life of the individual, Japan finds herself face to face with difficulties similar to those which beset the countries of the West, and she is not so well equipped as her neighbours for the struggle against adversity. Her Treasury is in a precarious state; her people groan beneath the weight of taxation; and her labour conditions resemble those of slavery.

Yet, in spite of all these deplorable circumstances, her rulers have persisted in the pursuit of an ambitious Imperial policy, involving the creation of a vast army and navy. At last the patriotism of the masses has wavered; but, however hard their lot may be as toilers in the fields and the factories, they have not been slow to make use of the precious remedy that the era of Meiji bestowed upon them—the Constitution, with its facilities for articulate complaint.

MOTORING

THE second report of the R.A.C. Petrol Committee which has been sitting now for many months has just been issued, and may be obtained from the Secretary of the Club, Pall Mall, S.W., for one shilling net, or post free for 1s. 2d. The first report dealt mainly with the question of the possibilities of obtaining cheaper petrol either by reducing the original cost of the fuel or evolving more economical means of transport and distribution. The general conclusion of the Committee, after hearing voluminous evidence from all quarters, was to the effect that although something might be done to reduce the expenses of transport, etc., the constantly increasing demand for motor spirit would soon more than counterbalance any economy from that source, and that, in fact, the price of petrol was likely to increase in the near future. The second report practically confirms this view, and the Committee has now adjourned its sittings indefinitely, leaving the joint Benzol Committee of the R.A.C., the A.A.&M.U., and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders to proceed with its investigation into the possibilities of the latter spirit as a substitute for petrol. The actual position, therefore, as far as the private motorist is concerned, seems to be that there is no reasonable ground for the hope that petrol will be cheaper, and that his only hope lies in benzol. This is the view that many have held for a long time, and the long-drawn-out inquiry of the Petrol Committee has merely served to confirm it.

The London County Council continues its efforts to secure the imposition of reduced speed limits in various parts of the Metropolis, and the motoring organisations, working in effective harmony, continue to oppose the restrictive applications with gratifying success. On the 6th inst., a Local Government Board inquiry was held at Spring Gardens in reference to an application made by the Council for a speed limit in Berkeley Street, between Piccadilly and Bruton Street. It was objected to as being unnecessary by representatives of the R.A.C., the A.A. & M.U., and the Westminster City Council, and several private residents in the neighbourhood, including Viscount Curzon, gave evidence in support of the opposition. The objectors pointed out that the conditions existing in the area referred to were precisely similar to those prevailing in a very large number of other streets in London, and that the application, if granted, would form a precedent applicable to all parts of London. This is, in effect, where the danger of these individual applications lies. Once the restriction is applied to any normal section of the principal London arteries, numerous other applications for reduced limits would follow and be granted as a matter of course, and motoring in London would become almost impossible. In view of the fact that in this instance the application is opposed not only by the motoring associations, but also by the Commissioner of Police, the local Council, and the Public Control Committee of the L.C.C. itself, it is

confidently anticipated that the Local Government will refuse to grant it.

Devices for reducing petrol consumption are always of special interest to the motorist, and attention may be drawn to a new one called the Javal Power Jet. This jet, which is now being marketed by the Atlas Syndicate, Ltd, of 124, High Street, Kensington, London, W., consists of a tube in the end of which is screwed an open cap containing a many-stranded metallic brush, through which the petrol is drawn by suction in the ordinary way. This has the effect of breaking up, or "mist"-ifying, the spirit, thus ensuring immediate ignition and perfect combustion. The jet can be fitted to any standard one-jet carburettor in a few minutes, and it is claimed that the fuel consumption is at once reduced to the extent of several miles per gallon, the running and pulling of the engine also being materially improved. As a matter of fact, a private motorist who is using the Javal jet informed the writer recently that since substituting it his car was doing a good 20 m.p.g. instead of the 15 or 16 which was the best he could obtain from it before.

From time to time one hears of motorists who have obtained wonderful results in the way of petrol economy, increased power, or rapid acceleration, etc., by dissolving in or mixing with the petrol some foreign substance, such as picric acid, chlorate of potash, etc. That all such experiments have proved futile or positively mischievous is shown by the fact that no one now thinks of any such tampering with the petrol, but it is just possible that there may be something in a claim recently made by an "experienced motorist" on behalf of camphor as a fuel economiser. Writing to the *Motor* he states that for the last five months he has been using camphor in his petrol in the proportion of one ounce to five gallons. He finds that his engine—normally very difficult to start—now starts much more easily; he can do "on top" hills which were previously impossible, and he obtains a greater mileage for a given quantity of fuel. His experience is confirmed by that of a motor cyclist, who, using the same proportion of camphor to petrol, states that he gets more power than before, and that he obtains a fuel saving of 20 per cent. The experiment is so simple and inexpensive that there seems no reason why any motorist should not try it for himself. Camphor readily dissolves in petrol, and it is said to leave no residue in the cylinder or carburettor. R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE prevailing characteristic of the Stock Markets is an indisposition to do anything pending a clearing up of the political situation, and this indisposition is having almost as great an effect in the long run as adverse news. Certainly, from the standpoint of curtailment

of business it has an even greater influence. Another factor in the situation is the tightness of money. The relief afforded by the dividend disbursements proved quite temporary, and at this week's carry-over the bankers charged the Stock Exchange $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. as against $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. last time. The Home Railway market has been helped by the fact that some further dividends have remained to be "gone for," but in the American department operators for the fall have mostly had their own way. Forthcoming anti-trust legislation and other adverse influences are depressing prices. In Paris several of the new issues which have been in prospect recently are not waiting for the conclusion of the war, and in St. Petersburg also promoters are not entirely restrained. As to the Six-Power Chinese Loan—concerning which I had some rather pointed remarks last week—the latest news is to the effect that the hitch which has arisen is of so serious a character that doubts are entertained whether the loan will ever come off. That the investing public is in a very cautious and discriminating mood is shown by the response made to several recent applications for capital. It is understood that of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific debentures the underwriters had to take 55 per cent.; of the City of Winnipeg $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. no less than 75 per cent.; while the request of the Terminal Cities of Canada was responded to by the public to the extent of only 5 per cent. of the amount wanted.

In the Home Railway market, dealers have for once got more than they had hoped or expected. In view of the advance in wages and price of materials the most optimistic had not looked for a higher dividend than at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for the half year upon Midland deferred. Thus the declaration of a dividend at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. created quite a small sensation. It may be recalled that owing to the coal strike the dividend for the first half of last year had to be reduced from $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The second half thus makes up the shortage, giving a total of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the whole year, or the same as paid in 1911. The effect upon the market would have been greater but for the existence of something of a speculative account for the rise in this particular stock. The North-Eastern report fully confirmed the favourable impression created by the dividend declaration, but with the Great Northern the opposite was the case; the accounts show that the ability of the company to maintain its distribution arose entirely from the receipt of two exceptional windfalls. Nevertheless, after a comparatively moderate reaction the market steadied. The Great Western dividend, at $7\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. was up to expectations, but the North Western, at 8 per cent., shows an increase of only $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

Amongst American Rails the most important incident has been the announcement of the plan for the dissolution of the Union Pacific—South Pacific merger. The question as to whether or not the preference stockholders in the Union Co. would share in the allotment of Southern Pacifics is settled in their favour, and in New York is interpreted to mean that they will be entitled to participate in any future bonuses. And the announcement of a bonus is looked for very shortly. As these shares can be bought to yield $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., they should appeal to those who like an investment possessing possibilities in addition to safety. As regards Southern Pacifics, however, the probability is that for a time the quotation will be depressed. Many holders will be unable or unwilling to take up the new shares to which they are entitled. So those who intend to sell their rights should do it quickly.

Mexican securities generally have been upset by the fresh revolutionary outbreak, although the market view is that a decisive settlement has thereby been brought nearer. Mexico North-Western issues further flattened out on the

action of several large debenture holders in not depositing their bonds in assent to the scheme for the creation of a prior lien. Their view is that it would be better to put the company into a receivership, a view in which I agree. The proposal to set aside the first charges in the manner proposed strikes me as nothing short of impudent. The Grand Trunk half-yearly statement exceeded the most optimistic anticipations, but only gave a temporary fillip to the market.

Mexican Eagles were at one time in demand, largely from Paris, on an unconfirmed rumour as to a deal, and amongst low-priced issues there has been the feature of quite a decent revival in Kern Rivers, on statements as to an offer having been made for part of the property. Rubbers remain lifeless.

In the mining market we have had a wave of weakness in coppers and some more jerky movements in Ropps. Bisichi slumped on the circular intimating that it has been decided to stop production for the remainder of the dry season. Kaffirs presented a fairly firm front on the anticipation of favourable statistics, which were realised, both in regard to labour and gold output. Wolhuter report shows record results, but its issue was followed by realisations; and analysis of the position brings out the point that the shares are high enough. Tin Areas pays 10 per cent. and asks for more capital, chiefly to develop the trading side of its business.

MISCELLANEOUS descriptions have provided one feature in the shape of a drop from over 28s. to £1 in National Gramophone, that mysterious undertaking. The reports of the Scottish colliery companies reflect the improved conditions prevailing last year. Merry and Cuninghame pays 20 per cent. as compared with only 5, and the Fife Coal distributions total $27\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in contrast with $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for 1911. Further acquisitions are likely on the part of this very absorbing company. Beyer Peacock only pay 5 per cent., the same as before, but whereas last time £15,000 had to be transferred from reserve, on the present occasion a slightly larger balance is carried forward than brought in. London General Omnibus earned but a small surplus over its 8 per cent., and neglected necessary amortisations.

CORRESPONDENCE

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. W. T. Smedley wants to impress upon us that "it is as a poet and philosopher that Shakespeare's fame is mainly attributable." When Mr. Smedley writes favourably of Shakespeare, of course, he means Bacon. Therefore, whenever any other writer praises Shakespeare, the praise is due to Bacon. So Ben Jonson, when he wrote "To the Memory of my Beloved Master William Shakespeare and what he has left us," Bacon is meant. In the panegyric by Ben Jonson, Bacon was "The applause, delight, and wonder of our stage," and the stately Bacon is represented as treading the stage in buskins and actor's socks. However, Mr. Smedley is willing to explain the meaning of the First Folio; and it is expected of him, since he will not recognise William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, and of the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, as author of the plays, although the positive evidence of the First Folio warrants no other conclusion. Mr. Smedley asserts "that no one can believe that any Shakespeare play as printed was produced at a public theatre either in the time of Elizabeth or James." Perhaps not, as printed, but they were "produced" at the "public theatre" called the Globe, on the Bankside, Southwark. For instance, take the theatre

copy of "The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. As it was acted by the King's Majesties servants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London, &c., 1609." In the second quarto bearing the same date is a publisher's preface, which informs the reader that "this author's comedies that are so framed to the life, that they may serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies." The proprietors of the theatre are referred to as the "grand possessors" from whom permission was obtained for its publication. Again, the 1600 quarto of 2 Henry IV. reads: "As it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare." This play is also recorded in the Stationers' Registers, 23 August, 1600, as William Shakespeare's. Now, what better evidence can be produced than that. But Mr. Smedley declares "that Shakespeare's greater and distinguishing qualities were ignored by the Elizabethans; that the bard of our admiration was unknown to the men of that age." Inferring that Shakespeare was not the author of the plays, Mr. Smedley explains why the Elizabethans did not recognise those "greater and distinguishing qualities," by stating that such qualities were "not normal to the Elizabethan period." Inferring that Bacon was the author of the plays, and Mr. Smedley follows this up with "had this philosopher's plays been produced at the theatre the actors would have been pelted off the stage by an Elizabethan audience and have cried out: 'hang up your philosophy.'" I dissent from Mr. Smedley's opinion that it is as a poet and philosopher that Shakespeare's fame is due. It is mainly due to the dramatic construction and characterisation, the poetry and philosophy are embellishments.

Mr. Smedley states that Francis Meres simply copied "William Shakespeare" the pseudonym of Bacon, from the plays published before 1598. Now, all the quartos that appeared up to that date were anonymous! Mr. Smedley appears to know nothing about Shakespeare; he cannot conceive Meres being personally acquainted with the great dramatist. At that time, in London, the theatrical and social milieu was small and close, and our gentle Shakespeare was well known. I am certain that if the Baconian delusion had been practised in those days, it would have been exposed by some of "those glorious vagabonds" who "mouthed the words that better wits have framed." Mr. Smedley says "that Shakespeare was not duly appreciated during his life." On the contrary, there is ample evidence that his popularity was immediate and continuous. He was, perhaps, the only literary man of his time who made a large fortune. There is more known concerning "our author" than any other poet of the period (perhaps, except Ben Jonson).

For instance, take John Webster, the dramatist, whose claims to a place among the chief writers of his country were ignored for upwards of two centuries. Beyond the fact that he was a writer for the stage between 1602-1624 there are no traces to be found of his existence. His great tragedy, "The Duchess of Malfy" may be placed beside "King Lear." Mr. Smedley suppresses the numerous contemporary tributes to Shakespeare as irrelevant, assuming that their writers knew nothing, and during all the five and twenty years of his residence in London, had never taken the trouble to find out anything about an author whose alleged works called forth such fervent admiration. The position, then, is practically this: no amount of evidence which can be produced can convince the Baconian that Shakespeare wrote the plays. In other words, the antecedent improbability of Shakespeare being able to write them is greater in his view than

the probability that his contemporaries were right in believing that he did. It is on this contempt for contemporary evidence and opinion that the whole anti-Shakespearean case is founded. For that Shakespeare was commonly regarded as the author of those masterpieces by all his contemporaries and all their successors for generations is absolutely indubitable. But the moment you allow that this consensus of opinion and all direct contemporary testimony to be disregarded, you open the floodgates for the entrance of all sorts of possible or impossible theories as to the authorship of Shakespeare's or anybody else's works. Mr. Smedley says "Shakespeare had no fame in his own time." Now, Richard Barnfield was the first to voice the praise of Shakespeare by imitating him; he was a diligent student of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," and actually copied and imitated the two poems as early as 1594, or within a month or two of the publication of "Lucrece," which was not passed through the Register's Books until May 9 of the same year. In a piece entitled "A Remembrance of English Poets," Barnfield thus praises Shakespeare's poems:—

And Shakespeare thou, whose hony-flowing vaine
(Pleasing the world) thy Praises doth obtaine,
Whose Venus, and whose Lucrece (sweet and chaste),
Thy name in fame's immortal booke have plac't,
Live ever you, at least in Fame live ever,
Well may the Body dye, but Fame dies never.

The Baconian produces evidence merely to support a theory and ignores that of Edmond Malone, the most learned and laborious of all Shakespeare's commentators, who with unwearied industry gathered all that bore upon a biography of the poet, from the records of the corporation of Stratford, from the library of Dulwich, etc., together with all the notices of, or allusions to, Shakespeare in the works of his contemporaries. In conclusion, I may observe that the Baconian parallels prove nothing except that Shakespeare and Bacon made use of the same proverbs, phrases, and learning, as were current in all writings of the time. I shall be glad to know how Mr. Smedley can clearly account for the positive contemporary evidence in favour of Shakespeare being the author—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

London, E.C.

TOM JONES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Prophecy.

Bacon prophetically humming (only about three hundred years beforehand—to him "as easy as winking") a refrain of our day:—

In the year nineteen hundred and ten,
If you'll patiently wait until then,
Sir Edwin Dash-Dash
Will the Shakespeare myth smash
In the year nineteen hundred and ten.

Yes:

That Bacon was Shakespeare
Sir Edwin will make clear,
In the year nineteen hundred and ten;

Pom-pom.

Fulfilment.

Sir Edwin, loquitur:

Bacon was Shakespeare; that is, wrote "his" plays,
Dashing them lightly off in spells of rest
From serious toil:—affairs of State, the quest
Of universal knowledge. Devious ways
Anon he trod, place-hunting; then on days
Else vacant, penned with unabated zest
The Bible, Quixote, Faerie Queene: the best,
In short, of all that in his time won praise.
Within his cryptogrammic breast locked fast,
He kept his secret (motive, too), so well

That not e'en Shakespeare's friends e'er guessed his name
Was Bacon's pseudonym. But I, at last
In nineteen ten, as Bacon did foretell,
For ever smashed the Clown of Stratford's fame!"
Ladywell. E. R. M.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The letter of George Peele to "Friend Marle," quoted by Prof. R. H. Hoar, is, I think, the well-known forgery, dated 1600, cited by Dyce, p. 327n, which was first printed in Berkenhout, Biogr. Lit., p. 404.—Yours faithfully,
A. R. BAYLEY.

St. Margaret's, Malvern, February 5.

MR. MASEFIELD'S "EVERLASTING MERCY."

A PROTEST.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In an age of fads, false ideals, restless movement and revolt, it is natural that its literature should occasionally mirror its tendencies and idiosyncrasies. Many of the books of the day, and especially the imaginative ones, are inclined to swerve from the beaten track and to become abnormal and unusual. However, modern poetry, inferior in expression and thought to the products of the "grand old masters," and therefore lacking the appreciation or even notice of some critics—has still pursued "the even tenour of its way"—with its time-honoured traditions and choice of subjects. There is no falling off in its output, judging from the latest statistics; whether these writers have not been able to soar above the level of mediocrity, or their readers, preferring other classes of literature, have ignored these efforts of the modern muse, I cannot say—at all events, none of these bards have arisen "to find themselves famous," nor have their books, to my knowledge, been crowned with any sudden astounding pecuniary reward!

Mr. Masefield, however, having successfully stormed the ramparts of public favour, by ignoring to a certain extent old landmarks, has ventured into hitherto untrodden fields for the exercise of his art. This newly-crowned poet, in his "The Everlasting Mercy," has actually made a hero of a coarse drunkard and brawler, so that even his oaths and curses are not left to the imagination. To my idea the language of the gutter, instead of being an adjunct to the poem, seems to me to involve its inartistic futility, and thus his realistic touches must condemn it to all true lovers of the divine art. A mist may cloak the daylight; clouds may hide the sunset's glow—but I am afraid a shell of a brawler's imprecations and foul language would soon destroy any lurking beauty in the poem. I maintain that the realism of a man's debasing bestial nature is no subject for poetry—that it is at variance with its spirit and aspiration, and makes the poem grovel to earth instead of soaring to the skies. It has been proved that drunkenness is not only a vice but also a disease, and that alcoholic tendencies may be transmitted. I know of several instances of this. Luckily for the weal of mankind, the disease is becoming rare, and may, let us all hope, finally disappear. Already the söt has seldom now a place in a modern novel, and he is entirely absent from plays and music-hall sketches. In defiance of these facts, however, Mr. Masefield not only embodies him in the highest form of literature, but actually for poetic purposes has degraded his poem with curses and blasphemy. This, to me, seems traducing and debasing the very soul of the "vision and the faculty divine."

All true poetry is independent of time, fashion, and

period. It treats of nature and life. It transfigures the former; it idealises the latter. It transforms the commonplace. It consecrates feeling and gives a spiritual significance to thought. It is not anointed with the slime of unclean waters. It has grander issues and wider meanings. Instead of seeking repulsive subjects or transmitting vicious ideas in verse, it strives to beautify the commonplace, to revel near mountain heights and the boundless charms of Nature. It does not wallow in the dust, but sings to the stars!—I am, Sir, yours truly,
Kensington, W.

VERITAS.

THE ORIGIN OF "YANKEE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It is strange that American lexicographers, who have done much good philological work, should have failed, with the advantage of locality, to trace the origin of a word which enters so intimately into the life of their nation as "Yankee" does. But each of the three great dictionaries of the United States, at any rate, gives a hint which, with investigation in other directions, enables us to fix, beyond reasonable doubt, the etymology of this apparently elusive name. For example, the Century Dictionary prints the statement that "the word is said to have been adopted by the Dutch on the Hudson, who applied it to the people of New England—it is said, in contempt. . ." Webster, after mentioning the usual shadowy theory of an Indian pronunciation of "English" or "Anglais," says: "According to Thierry, a corruption [*sic*] of *Jankin*, a dim. of *John*, and a nickname given to the English colonists of Connecticut by the Dutch settlers of New York." The suggestive piece of information given in the Funk and Wagnall's Dictionary is not under "Yankee," but "Yankee-Doodle," where we find a statement reproduced that the latter term "was taken from an old Dutch harvest-song." In the nonsensical jingles of the refrain of this lilt one or two modern Dutch words are clearly discernible, such as *botermelk* and *Yanker*—Dut. *janker*, a howler, yelper; while "Doodle" may be formed on Dut. *doode*, a dead person, or *dood*, death; or perhaps more likely is the Frisian *doedel*, a dull, heavy wight; and "Yankee" begins the third line. Add to all this the fact that a "yanky" was seemingly some kind of Dutch vessel ("yawing like a Dutch yanky."—Smollett, noted in Thornton's American Glossary), and that Dampier in the early pages of his "Voyage Round the Globe," makes frequent mention, under the years 1681-2, of a Captain Yanky, "himself a Dutchman," we have pretty conclusive evidence that the word "Yankee" (formerly "Yankey" and "Yanky") is not to be separated from the Dutch language. This being so, we next have to find out what "Yank(e)y" or "Yankee" was in Dutch. Now it must at once be said that Thierry (wherever he made the suggestion quoted above from Webster) deserves credit for getting very near the true origin of "Yankee," nearer, in fact, than the surmise of a derivation from the Dutch *Jan Kees*, i.e., John Cornelius, which was accepted by the late Professor Skeat in the last edition of his Dictionary. In short, "Yank(e)y," or the later "Yankee," represents the old Dutch (especially Frisian) and Flemish personal name, *Janke* or *Jancke*=Johnnie, -ke being a well-authenticated diminutive suffix, which, for some reason, has received very little attention in this country and America; although we apparently have it in "monkey" and "donkey": like the better known but distinct -kin, it was originally a double diminutive.

Janke is not much used now in Holland, except, perhaps, Friesland, as a Christian name, as it has been re-

placed by the modern weakened form, *Jantje*; but it survives as a surname, often in slightly altered form, *Jancke*, *Janicke*, *Jaenicke*, and *Jahnke*. Outzen, in his Glossary of North Frisian (1837), mentions (pp. 155, 436) several personal names with the diminutive suffix *-ke*, including *Janke* and *Paulke*, as also does Winkler in his elaborate Name-list, embodied in Dykstra's Frisian Word-book (1900-11). Koolman, in his East Frisian Dictionary (1877-84, p. 195), says that the dim *-ke* is the most frequently used in that dialect; and Richthofen, author of an Old Frisian lexicon, notes that it occurs in the old West-Lauwers laws. Curiously, the chief Dutch lexicographers proper, e.g., Oudemans, in his Middle and Old Netherlandish Dictionary (1869-80), and Franck, in his Etymological Dictionary (1884-92), give it no prominence. It is, however, mentioned, with examples of personal names containing it, in Heiderscheidt's Flemish Grammar, published in French in 1842; and the suffix is even found occasionally in modern High German, borrowed from Low German, as in the case of *nelke*, a carnation; but High German has replaced the Low Ger. *Reineke* by *Reinhard Fuchs*, Reynard the Fox.

What evidently happened in America, then, was that the early Dutch colonists were in the habit of more or less contemptuously calling an English settler a *Janke* (pronounced nearly *Yanky*), that is, a "Johnnie"; and the name has ever since stuck to the residents of New England. We know that "Johnnie" is used to this day as a derogatory epithet, just as the French *Jean* is.

London, N.W.

HV. HARRISON.

LEAGUE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Harold Wintle, strikes the right nail on the head in his excellent and timely letter appearing in your issue of last week.

It is this cursed apathy and lack of public spirit, so prevalent among Unionists, that are doing so much towards the breaking up of our vast Empire.

If a Unionist Government had been guilty of a tithe of the monstrous acts of the present despotic Government, the Radicals would have made the country ring with indignation. But not so the Unionists; they are content with a little grumbling among themselves, with an occasionally stronger expression that the Government and all their supporters might be sent to perdition. As to taking any practical steps to expose those iniquities and bring them home to the minds of the people, one might just as well ask them to fly.

That we are governed to-day by a gang of despots, who are devoid of all honesty of purpose and sense of decency, no right-thinking man will deny, but we Unionists are by no means free from blame that the country should be placed in so humiliating and degrading a position.

I agree with every word of the last pregnant sentence in Mr. Wintle's letter. The Unionist leaders have much to answer for in this matter, and it would have been infinitely better if they had precipitated the threatened creation of the Radical-Plutocrat-Peers, rather than that the House of Lords should have been forced, against their will, to be a party to their own destruction as part of the working Constitution of this country.—Yours truly,

CONSERVATIVE.

Wallington, February 1.

SIR JOHN SIMON AND NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—As one possessed, I trust, of some small relic of patriotism, a rare commodity nowadays, I venture to call

your attention to certain recent utterances of that gifted advocate, the Solicitor-General. To men who are pastmasters in the repression of unfettered debate and the genuine expression of feeling, it appears a monstrous and unforgivable iniquity that soldiers and statesmen of the calibre of Lords Roberts and Curzon should be suffered, without gag or guillotine, to expose the notorious failure of the Territorial scheme and the perilousness of our condition as regards national defence. These men speak of that which they know, and the whole of our national history proves the truth of their assertions. Sir John Simon in taking it upon himself to attack the advocates of national service, has not followed their example. Before so doing it would surely have been better for him to make himself acquainted at least with the outlines of the proposals which those men have put forward. He would then not have put himself into the ludicrous position of asking whether "under compulsory service the army raised is going to serve abroad?" He would hardly have possessed the temerity to make the wickedly misleading statement that "the man with the most money and the most influence is the man who will get off." He would have escaped the puerility of inquiring what is going to happen to the professional army which has "so proud a record of military efficiency." "Efficiency" is the sort of clap-trap phrase to which the supporters of the present Government have been so successfully schooled. How long will it be before the citizens of this country—not the demagogues who pander to them by telling them to shirk their first duty as citizens, for such men are beyond the learning stage—awake to learn the sober and uncontrovertible truth, which the most meagre study of military history will suffice to teach, that "military efficiency"—a phrase capable of one meaning only, and that a perfectly definite meaning—is a thing practically unknown in our history? While men of the type of the Solicitor-General remained comfortably at home talking to their constituents about "military efficiency" the victims of a criminal lack of foresight, training, and organisation, were perishing in their thousands and tens of thousands in frantic and glorious endeavours to make good by blood and tears that which their country had left undone. Is it not enough to make those countless and nameless heroes turn in their distant graves to hear words destined, not to enlighten, but to confirm the blind folly of those whose patriotism consists in getting drunk and singing "Rule Britannia" *ad nauseam* upon the smallest provocation? R. E. N.

Temple, February 8, 1913.

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